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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"THE ABOLITION MISSION TO PORT ROYAL."

Washington Correspondence of The Express.

I HAVE seen advices and conversed with parties recently from Port Royal, and from all I can learn, I am well satisfied that the results of the Abolition mission to Port Royal will come in season to throw some light on the theory of Abolition, to save the country a vast deal of trouble and expense. Indeed I am not certain but that this attempt to put in practice the theory of Abolition at Port Royal, will be the beginning of the downfall of the now rampant and powerful Abolition party in the North.

It appears that one Edward L. Pierce, a Garrison Abolitionist of Boston, worked his way down to Hampton with the troops, and after studying the Virginia negro, he went to Port Royal, from which place he addressed to Secretary Chase a long and elaborate report on the fine qualities of the negroes of South Carolina—giving them great capacity for the acquirement of knowledge and ability to labor, and denominating them as exceedingly good and loyal citizens of the United States. This hifalutin disquisition on the South Carolina negro wound up with a recommendation that the United States government should organize a mission, of which one Edward L. Pierce should be the head, and dispatch it to look after the spiritual and temporal welfare of the freed negroes of South Carolina. The bait took. The department of Mr. Chase authorized fifty missionaries —part men and part women—to proceed at once to Port Royal and take the contrabands in charge, at the expense of the United States government.

This band of Abolition socialists, free lovers and disorganizers of society generally, arrived at Port Royal. And what did they find? They found a few thousand of the coarsest and most brutish South Carolina field hands, the language of many of them being absolutely unintelligible to the whites. The more intelligent negroes had gone with their masters. Our forces had taken everything in the shape of provisions, cattle, horses, mules, agricultural implements, etc., etc., from the plantations, leaving the country desolate, the negroes in want, and without seed, implements, or any of the means to cultivate an acre of ground, or in any manner support themselves. The consequence of this was that the negroes became paupers, dependent upon the U. S. Government, and it immediately became necessary to commence dealing out rations of corn and meat to those thousands of contrabands, at ten times the ordinary expense of providing the same supplies from the country, under the ordinary system of labor. The question now arises, if this is the result of letting loose a few thousand negroes in South Carolina, what will it be when the contrabands shall be counted by hundreds of thousands? and to follow up the inquiry, what would be the consequence of liberating 4,000,000? The treasuries of all the nations on earth would not support the army necessary to keep the negroes in any kind of order, and feed them in the idleness which would inevitably follow their liberation. Mr. Chase's Abolition mission to Port Royal, at the head of which is Mr. Edward L. Pierce, is practically demonstrating these great facts. If anything was wanting to completely demoralize the freed negroes of South Carolina, it was the arrival of these Abolition missionaries among them. These negroes say the Yankees have brought heaven with them. Sambo and Dinah have now nothing to do but sing, dance, shout hallelu-yah, and eat hog and hominy. They are represented to be the most lazy, worthless, impudent dependents upon government bounty imaginable. They will not work, and even if the missionaries were fitted for agricultural pursuits and the management of negroes, they could never, while instilling their Abolition theories into the thick skull of Sambo, make him earn even his daily food. If this expensive business—just to please the fanatical Abolitionists—does not sicken Northern tax-payers of Abolition before long, your correspondent makes a great mistake in his conception of human nature. This band of Abolition missionaries is turning, it is said, as lazy and demoralized as the blacks they have taken to their bosoms as brothers and sisters. They are the contempt and scoff of the army, and there is no doubt but that this Abolition, free loving, negro-hugging concern, will break up in a grand row. AJAX.

[The Editor of *The Express* is, if possible, still more indecent than his correspondent. Read:]

The Hon. John W. Edmonds (ex-Judge), who is equally sound upon the "spirits" and upon "Sambo," corrects *The Express*, we see, in some statements respecting the Port Royal negroes, whom he, as President of the National Freedman's Association, has taken under his wing. *The Express* owns up to error in confounding a Mr. Pierce, a Massachusetts lawyer, with the Rev. Mr. French—who is the reverend gentleman whom no congregation enough appreciates at home—so that he is quartered in part upon the Treasury at Port Royal, and in part upon the misplaced charity of persons here at home. It is his wife of whom *The Herald* correspondent writes:

"Arriving at Beaufort, *Mrs. French rushed towards and embraced a colored female, who was startled not a little by the peculiar style of the salute, and, in the words of her resolutions, exclaimed: 'You are my sister!'* (Closer embrace). You are no longer a slave. You are free—free as I am. *You are my equal, and you are my sister!*" etc., etc.

Mr. Pierce, says Judge Edmonds, is in government pay—not Mr. French and his clans, who are only fed and housed by the government, and *salaried* here, in New York and Boston! Mr. Pierce, however, we are told—and we love to do him justice—has opened his eyes as big as saucers over things so unexpectedly seen and unseen at Port Royal: and, if we are correctly informed, he reports an amount of immorality and prostitution, among our soldiers and the negresses, too shocking to relate.

Mr. Edmonds and his companions, doubtless, are indulging in philanthropic views, in sending out their Mrs. Frenches, etc.—but never was "philanthropy" more misplaced, or money more wasted. What these poor negroes want are masters, not missionaries; overseers, not "busses" from Mrs. French; cabbages, greens, new potatoes, parsnips, not spelling books; not sentiment, even, but garden *sarce;* hoes, shovels, seeds, not A, B, C, nor D, E, F. Teach these negroes to earn their living, not to live on charity. Practical men, practical minds, working men, men that know the negro and the climate, are needed, not sisters, nor saints, from Yankee Land, nor reverendoes, who, without the faculties to earn their bread at home, necessarily quarter themselves upon every new-fangled philanthropy that bubbles up.

The Evening Post perverts the feeling existing in this city and elsewhere, among conservative people, as to its *pet* plan of educating Port Royal black babies, and providing them with spelling books, fine tooth combs, etc., into hostility to feeding the blacks, and clothing them, etc. All of us recognize the duty of providing for the poor, ignorant, half-wild blacks, whom we have let loose there. To feed and to clothe the blacks is one thing, but to quarter a lot of lazy white cravats upon Treasury rations, in fine Beaufort mansions, or, outright, upon the Federal Treasury, is altogether another thing. Besides, we differ in our *operating* philanthropy. Beans and pork, cabbages, garden *sarce*, etc., not SENTIMENT, we repeat, are what these poor negroes most need. *The Post*, however, thus discloses the *cloven foot:*

"By the time their late masters—if such a thing should happen—begin to think of reducing them to their former servitude, *they will be ready to meet their tyrants with a resistance so firm, so well organized, and so well provided with means, that the enterprise will be utterly hopeless.*"

That is it! The Mr. and Mrs. Frenches, and other "Abolition" sisters and saints, are to educate the negroes and negresses up to cutting their masters' throats, as in Hayti—in case South Carolina is ever restored to the Union!

Now, while we never expect to see, nor hope to see, these negroes returned to their rebel masters—but, on the contrary, think, that, in due time, they ought to be colonized elsewhere, as *freemen*, we shrink with horror from any such "education" as *The Post* and its cohort missionaries of the Devil, not of the Gospel, here propose.

Nothing plainer discloses, than such a paragraph as this from *The Post*, that this Port Royal business is not in Gospel, but in bloody hands—and that "blood," "BLOOD," "BLOOD," is its ultimate meaning, not the peaceful Gospel of Christ. Mr. John W. Edmonds may write acres, if he pleases, now—but here stands *The Post* record—that—

—"the Educational Association, in Boston; the Freedman's Relief Association in this city, and the Port Royal Committee in Philadelphia,"

—mean, *The Post* expounding, servile war, in short, blood, *blood*, BLOOD. Hence, we most emphatically object, either to quartering such "missionaries" of Satan upon the Treasury, its "rations," or to any "charity," for any such wicked purpose.

FUGITIVE SLAVES RETURNED—LETTER FROM GEN. BUELL.

From The Louisville Journal, 20th.

THOSE who have deceived the people of Southern Kentucky into rebellion by asserting that the war was waged against slavery will find many convicting proofs of the falsity of the allegation. When the rebels left Hopkinsville, one of their army officers carried off or rather stole a slave belonging to Dr. Webber, a well-known citizen of Christian County. The negro was taken by his Confederate abductor to Fort Donelson, where they both fell into the hands of the Union forces at the capitulation. From thence they were taken with other prisoners to Indianapolis. When Dr. Webber was informed of their whereabouts he went immediately to Indianapolis, and, stating the case to the commanding officer, requested the surrender of his slave. "Certainly, sir," was the short and efficient answer; and the Doctor returned home with his property stolen from him by the secessionists and returned to him by "one of the Lincoln Hessians."

We narrate this circumstance as prefatory to the publication of the following correspondence between the venerable Judge Underwood of Warren County and Gen. Buell, on the subject of fugitive slaves in the Union camps.

The letter from Gen. Buell, we venture to say, will go very far toward bringing about this most desirable result, and we ask the attention of our Southern friends to the correspondence, as a convincing evidence of the base arts by which they have been betrayed into rebellion.

To the Editor of The Louisville Journal.

LOUISVILLE, March 17, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: Be pleased to publish the enclosed letter, received to-day from Gen. Buell. I am sure it will meet the hearty approval of every Kentuckian.

The rebellion is now kept alive by the apprehension that the National government and its armies intend to render insecure and ultimately destroy the institution of slavery in the Southern States; and for that purpose the Constitution of the United States is to be utterly disregarded. In my judgment the people of the South engaged in the rebellion will readily lay down their arms and submit to the reestablishment of our National Constitution over the whole country whenever they are convinced that the General government and the non-slaveholding States will in good faith adhere to the principles of the Constitution in relation to slavery. I hail Gen. Buell's letter as a manifestation of the right spirit. Respectfully, yours,

J. R. UNDERWOOD.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,
NASHVILLE, March 6, 1862.

DEAR SIR: I have had the honor to receive your communication of the 1st inst. on the subject of fugitive slaves in the camps of the army.

It has come to my knowledge that slaves sometimes make their way improperly into our lines, and in some instances they may be enticed there, but I think the number has been magnified by report. *Several applications have been made to me by persons whose servants have been found in our camps, and in every instance that I know of the master has removed his servant and taken him away.*

I need hardly remind you that there will always be found some lawless and mischievous persons in every army; but I assure you that the mass of this army is law-abiding, and that it is neither its disposition nor its policy to violate law or the rights of individuals in any particular.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

D. C. BUELL Brig.-Gen. Commanding Department.

Hon. J. R. UNDERWOOD, Chairman Military Committee, Frankfort, Ky.

Selections.

MR. COX AND THE SLAVE WHO WAS WHIPPED TO DEATH.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: The case of "Negro Jack"* was in part published in *The Christian Advocate and Journal* of this city in December last, from a letter from Chaplain Boole of the 5th Excelsior. This gentleman informed me that the *whole* truth was not written, in order that certain persons of the regiment might escape censure; but that now, inasmuch as the flat denial is made by the friends of Cox to the facts of the case, there is no longer consistency in nor cause for concealment.

Now for the facts: "Negro Jack" did inform the officers of the 5th Regiment Excelsior of the Secession sympathies of his cruel master, and through his information the discoveries were made—already noticed in this letter. *He did not* live with the regiment, as the jury represent, neither was he a constant guide to them. If he drank whiskey to excess it was no more than members of that jury do (my eyes being witness); and, in one point, he was more respectable than they; the soldiers never saw Jack drunk *publicly*. Cox and Davis were generally so. For his patriotic and valuable services Jack was promised, *on the honor of an officer*, by the Lieutenant under whose command the scout was made, that he should not be given up to his master to be punished, nor should he (Cox) be permitted to injure him.

This was necessary, inasmuch as Cox had become terribly enraged at the negro for discovering the movements of secessionists to the military. A detachment of the 5th regiment had left for Budd's Ferry some days before the remaining companies were ordered to join them. It was while this second detachment was on the march that the capture of Jack took place. The detachment was under command of Acting Major Glass. "Ben. Franklin" says that when the regiment (2d detachment) left Port Tobacco they were "followed by Mr. Cox in company with about 15 or 20 other citizens of the County, *whose slaves had left with the said regiment.*"

Now, this latter assertion I pronounce an inexcusable falsehood—a plain, barefaced lie. Not a slave went with the regiment; and in proof of this I assert that those "15 or 20" *gentlemen* took position in the square of the town and closely inspected the companies as they filed past them on the march, on the look-out for their slaves, *and failed to discover a single "chattel."*

That their slaves did very *ungratefully* leave their *kind-hearted* masters and come into camp expecting to find freedom under the Union flag is true, but whose was the blame? Why did they leave? Is the army to be censured for the outgushing inspiration of freedom in the heart of the oppressed blacks when they vainly imagine the stars of our glory and our shame are floating in their sight as the beacon of freedom? These slave vultures seeking their prey had obtained an order from Gen. Hooker requiring the commandant of the 5th Regiment to drive out from the camp all the Maryland negroes, fugitives. This order was presented to Major Glass by some of the same "fifteen or twenty citizens," who also asked of Major Glass that he drive them to a certain point where they could be surrounded by the drivers and captured. This, to the honor of Major Glass be it said, he refused to do "for Gen. Hooker or any other General," but would only issue a command for them to leave the camp, for the woods or anywhere else.

When the second detachment had marched about three or more miles from Port Tobacco, Cox, in company with others on horseback, drove furiously up to the centre of the battalion, and without a word of warning, he, Cox, rushed upon the ranks where he saw his negro. Jack had joined the regiment on the march. "Ben. Franklin" says that Cox "was set upon by the soldiery." The fact is that Cox broke into the ranks, and with the butt-end of a heavy whip began to "set upon" Jack's head, and in doing this, *being drunk*, he struck several of the soldiers. It was for this that they "set upon" him, and when they saw the insolent slave vultures on horse heading for the ranks, some fixed bayonets and swore that if they drew a step nearer they would run them through. Cox continued to use his heavy whip, striking indiscriminately soldiers and the negro, and in his drunken madness, his stout, closely knit, powerful frame, his eyes glaring all on fire with rage and whiskey, he seemed more like an incarnate devil than a representative of human kind.

The officer in command at length quelled the disturbance and brought the men to quiet; and it is true, as asserted by "Franklin," that had it not been for his interference Cox would have been killed. But why? Not because the soldiers thirsted for his blood, but in his insanity of passion he continued to strike at them with his fists and whip to obtain his negro, as though *they*, too—Americans all—were chattels, "mudsills." Major Glass did, in the presence of those soldiers, rebuke Cox in the strongest terms for his unwarranted and mad assault, and said, "You have insulted these men; they understand law as well as you, and they know that your attack is criminal. You should be thankful, sir, that you have escaped with your life. I am commander of this battalion, and you and these gentlemen should have applied to me, and not have committed such an outrage." Now, it may quiet the consciences of some objectors to be informed that *neither the officer in command nor one of the soldiers engaged in the fight was an Abolitionist nor Republican.* This is asserted upon a personal knowledge of their politics and sentiments.

After order was restored, the regiment resumed march. And now began the most shameful part of this odious transaction. Cox and his minions were accompanied by Captain Morey of the 5th Regiment, Excelsior Brigade, who had been appointed Provost-Marshal of the town of Port Tobacco, and who in that capacity had enjoyed free intercourse with the inhabitants. The result was an intimacy with Cox and some others whose names appear among the jury in this case. He accompanied Cox from Port Tobacco, and stood by his side when he rushed upon the ranks and struck the soldiers. Capt. Morey rode in the same carriage with Cox, and although he doubtless did not anticipate the result, he encouraged Cox in attempting to drag out his negro. Morey's sympathies were with the slave vultures *before* Cox was beaten; before the fight he had offered to obtain his slave for Cox. The battalion marched on till nightfall. Meanwhile, Morey had counselled the defeated chivalry to retire, and wait for him at a certain point some distance in the rear. Under cover of the darkness, and by a false pretext made to allay the suspicion of his lieutenant, who had promised protection to the negro for his services, Morey took Jack to the rear between a file of men, marched him to the place designated, where Cox and his comrades were in waiting, and delivered him to his master.

How many miles he was compelled to walk after Cox I will not presume to say, nor is it of consequence. One thing is certain: Cox and his overseer beat the negro after getting him home, *and he died immediately after the beating.* The story of the jury and doctor, that he was drunk the day he was captured, is a lie; I saw him upon the march—saw the poor old man, when the regiment came to a halt, crawl away under a tree off the roadside, and with anxious face watch to see whether he was pursued. What do the jury mean by saying that he lived on less food, and poorer, than he had been accustomed to, and died from "*exposure* and *excitement*"? Do they insinuate that he fared poorly while with the regiment, and was hard worked while acting as guide? Why, then, did he not leave and go back to his "*indulgent*" master? Where did Jack get the whiskey which created the "excitement," which, as the jury say, helped him on to his death? I challenge that jury to repeat their libel in the presence of any of the 5th Regiment; an excitement would be raised without whiskey.

The jury were evidently reduced to straits, and "Ben. Franklin," the justice! "hard up" for testimony, when they admitted the evidence of slaves to make out their case, and relied upon it for substantiating their story; slave testimony is not admissible in law—why did they take it in this case? Was it taken at all?

All the truth told by that jury composed of "twelve of the most *upright* citizens of Charles County," is contained in one single clause of their report, "*Jack died of exposure and excitement.*" The conclusion is correct, the premises false, all false! It was "excitement" of an unmerciful whipping, and "exposure" for hours tied by the hands to the [illegible] post.

So true is it, and so well known, that Jack came to his death by ill treatment, that a movement was begun at the time by several officers which contemplated the arrest of Cox and an appeal to the [illegible] and to test the question whether the Maryland Code would shield such a villain and refuse to [illegible] such an outrage against common humanity, because the victim happened to be only a "chattel." And this was only prevented by circumstances of duty placing them at too remote distance to prosecute their purpose.

The empannelling of the jury was a screen behind which Cox hoped to hide the evidence of his barbarity; why, if Jack died a natural death, and Cox was not frightened, was a jury called to sit on the death of a *slave?* If "Ben Franklin," the "*upright*" jurymen, or any other supporters of slave-murderers in Charles County desire the public to have knowledge of further revelations in that line, they are at hand, and can be given, for the "half has not been told."

New York, March 22, 1862. Ex.

* See STANDARD of March 1st, 2d page, 6th column.—*Ed.*

REPEAL OF THE WISCONSIN PERSONAL LIBERTY LAW.

From The Janesville Gazette and Free Press.

THE Senate of this State has yielded to the clamor of pro-slavery partisans, and, so far as that body is concerned, has repealed the Personal Liberty law of this State.

What debate was had on this occasion, we do not know, as the Madison papers contain but meagre reports of it. That the six Senators who opposed the repeal did so without giving ample reasons for their votes, we do not suppose. It may be considered good policy by some, just now, to keep the people in the dark on this subject.

So much of the proceedings are given, however, as to state that Mr. Spooner offered an amendment, which repealed but one section of the law, which amendment was rejected. What that section was is left to conjecture. We presume it was the last section, which provides that no judgment under the Fugitive Slave law shall be a lien on real estate and that no real or personal property shall be sold on such judgment in this State.

We should always have been satisfied to have had that portion of the law repealed. The other parts of the law ought, however, to have remained, because without it, a portion of the inhabitants of this State are liable to be dragged into slavery, without that proper and thorough investigation which every State is in duty bound to guarantee to the humblest human being who lives within its limits. While the General government retains an enactment so dangerous to liberty as the Fugitive Slave law, under which persons claiming the protection of our State, who never were slaves, are liable to be consigned to perpetual bondage, upon the oath of an infamous slave-stealer, without trial where arrested, and summarily hurried a thousand miles away from friends to undergo a mockery of an examination by tribunals which declare that these people have no rights—while the Federal government allows such a law to pollute the statute-book, we insist that the least that the State of Wisconsin can do is to extend to those persons the benefit of the writ of *habeas corpus*, that their case may be inquired into here on the spot where deprived of liberty, and, so far as possible, make legal provisions that the innocent and helpless may not suffer wrong.

The Personal Liberty law of this State, with the repeal of its last section, contains just such provisions as are needful and proper for the protection of the rights of those who are claimed as fugitives, and for punishing those who falsely and maliciously pretend that a free person is a slave, for the purpose of removing such person from this State.

But with the total repeal of this law Wisconsin is made the unobstructed hunting-ground of the slave-hunter and the slave-stealer. We do not believe the people asked the Legislature to break down all safeguards against such a state of things, so disgraceful and humiliating, especially at a time when nearly all the slaveholders in the country are in rebellion.

This law, so ignorantly and unthinkingly denounced, contains nothing that is revolutionary or unconstitutional with the exception of the section proposed to be repealed, and is not more stringent than similar laws enacted by the slaveholding States themselves. Its repeal, therefore, is uncalled for, save by an unreasoning and partisan clamor. We regret to see Republicans yielding to such influences, [illegible] in this matter, but in others, where the vital principles of the party are concerned. We are a party of freedom, and whenever, by compromises and concessions to slavery, we give up positions we have taken against that evil institution, or neglect to withdraw from it the protection of the nation and the States, so far as we can constitutionally, we are false to our professions made and proclaimed when the party was organized. As we are progressing now towards an entire obliteration of any strong lines of distinction, in this respect, between republicanism and pro-slavery democracy, it may become necessary, if this tendency continues, for those who intend to remain Republicans, to unite in a call for a return to first principles. Certainly many of our party do not think, write and vote as they did four years ago, and it is certain that *principles* have not changed, so we must conclude that *men* have modified their opinions.

THE MOBBING OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE STORY AS TOLD BY THE CINCINNATI PAPERS.

From The Cincinnati Enquirer (Democratic), March 25.

THE announcement that Wendell Phillips would speak at the Opera House caused much speculation upon the streets. Threats of disturbance were common, and the prediction that he would not be permitted to address his audience was in the mouth of everybody. Yet it is apparent that no one believed [illegible] to molest him.

At the appointed hour, a large number of ladies and gentlemen, representing all shades of political faith, were gathered soon after the doors were opened. How soon these hopes were crushed, and how outrageous the disturbance, will soon be seen.

Mr. Phillips was accompanied by the following gentlemen, who occupied seats upon the stage: Messrs. Samuel Reed, editor of *The Gazette;* John P. Foote, Wm. Goodman, Judge Stallo, Orson Murray and William Green.

When Mr. Phillips stepped upon the stage he was greeted with a tumult of mingled groans, hisses and cheers, the latter greatly predominating and subduing the former.

When they had subsided, Judge Stallo walked to the stand and began to introduce the speaker to his audience. The remarks of the Judge were facetious and full of pleasantry, comparing Mr. Phillips to a piece of artillery, the report of which had disturbed the quiet of the Potomac.

When Mr. Phillips arose to speak, he walked to the foot amid a volley of hisses, which, like the first, was drowned in the cheers of his friends. He said:

"I have been invited, ladies and gentlemen, to speak to you on the war—the convulsion which has divided the Union for a year, and threatens, in the opinion of some, to divide it forever. No more serious subject can engage the attention of the American people, for I believe that within six months, perhaps within the coming hundred days, we, the people, are to decide what the future of these thirty-four States is to be. Certainly no question of deeper import can be presented to an American audience. It is easy to say that the war came no man knows how, and that it was the fault of this man or of that party, or that it will end in ninety days or a year. But I believe that the war is no man's fault, that it is the work of neither section. It will not end in our day, and it will be a fortunate Providence if our children can look around upon a clear sky and a united country.

"I believe the war to be the result of a seventy years struggle with one idea. It comes to us as a duty which God lays upon this generation. Two or three questions spring out of the present state of things. How long will the war last? What will become of slavery? What will become of the Union? In regard to the first question, none can answer. We are entering upon the great struggle which no people have ever avoided—a struggle between the few and the many—a struggle between aristocracy and democracy. The North represents a democracy, founded on industry, brains, and money; the South an aristocracy, founded on slave labor—an aristocracy whose right hand is negro slavery, and whose left is the ignorant white man."

At this point a heavy bowlder was thrown from the third tier of boxes. It struck a few feet from the speaker. It came crashing among the footlights like a cannon-shot. Simultaneously with the bowlder came a couple of eggs, that burst like bombs, dispensing a perfume more potent than fragrant. One of these odorous missiles struck the speaker. The eggs were thrown from the left of the second tier, and were accompanied by a series of yells, like nothing unless it be the war-whoop of a score of infuriated Indians: "Down with the traitor!" "Egg the nigger Phillips!" and a dozen other opprobrious epithets. It is due to Mr. Phillips to say that he stood calm and collected, without moving a muscle or flinching an inch.

When the tumult had somewhat subsided, the speaker resumed his discourse.

"Allow me one word more. I do not know what that fellow-man meant who sent that stone, but I meant no insult to the non-slaveholding white men of the South. I sympathize with them, for they suffer from a despotism whose right hand is power and whose left hand is ignorance. If South Carolina ever sees the utmost exaltation of her masses, it will be when the stars and stripes guarantee freedom to every member of the thirty-four States. There are many things which American citizens cannot do, and one thing which I know they cannot do, and that is to prevent the belt of the American continent from being, in seventy years or less time, one country, governed by one sceptre, indissoluble as granite. For thirty years I have been an Abolitionist, and nothing else."

The hisses, which had been intermittent, here became like a perfect hurricane.

As soon as his voice became audible, Mr. Phillips retorted:

"Before we Yankees went to the Roanoke and Potomac we tutored ourselves to respect free speech, and I know that you will grant it to me. For sixteen years I have been a Disunionist."

At this word the row became general; eggs were thrown *ad libitum*, and the stage was odorous with their disgusting fragrance. Sulphuretted hydrogen was the popular perfume, and it was long before Mr. Phillips could gain a hearing. When he attempted to explain the obnoxious phrase, he was so inaudible amid the general tumult that we could not report his words.* He resumed:

"To-day, the contest takes the form of battle. The war is nothing to me as an Abolitionist. It has no more interest to me as such than a novel has to you after you have found the hero and heroine happily married on the last page. Whatever your opinion may be, mine is that slavery has received its death-blow in the house of its friends. The American people have opened that page of their history which will record the death of slavery. In due time, and after a reasonable interval, slavery will die. The cry has been, 'Cotton is King.' South Carolina dragged Lyons and Lancashire to her feet, and said, 'Babies, keep quiet.' She has starved them for eleven months, but at last accounts they were doing quite well.

"Another idea was that the North would not fight. South Carolina tried that on in miniature, when she pitted Missouri against Kansas. When their orchards were grubbed up, the Yankees went home to New England and begged rifles. Let the war continue twenty-four months, and McClellan will be a jayhawker. The third idea of the depth of slavery is derived from the message of the President. I believe the President is an honest man, but a very slow one. He desires to stand between the parties, and finding which way the tide was setting, he warned the Border States that now was their time to sell."

Mr. Phillips continued to speak for over an hour, but the melee in the second tier created so much confusion that we should not be able to do him justice did we attempt to report him further.

Cries and execrations resounded from all parts of the house. Eggs were occasionally hurled at the stage, one of which struck Mr. Murray.

The cries were "Lynch the Traitor," "Hang the Nigger," "Tar and feather the Abolitionist." (We omit the profanity.) Ladies and timorous gentlemen made their escape.

The stage was in confusion, and gentlemen from the audience mounted it as a favorable stand-point from which to witness the row. The speaker vainly continued to speak, but could not be heard.

The rowdies came down stairs with cries of "Let us take the stage," "Lynch him," "Put out the gas." When they reached the middle aisle the *melée* became general, stools and umbrellas were freely used. Some ladies fainted, and others scrambled ungracefully over bench-tops. Mr. Pike and other gentlemen were struck while endeavoring to keep the peace. It being probable that some of the evil-disposed would find the "gas stop" and put out the lights, in which case the loss of life would have been frightful, Mr. Phillips was induced to cease speaking, and the meeting was dispersed.

Both exits from the Opera House were beset by gangs determined to lynch the obnoxious speaker. After some delay he was disguised and passed out through the crowd undetected; but it was well on to midnight before the rowdies left the vicinity of the Opera House.

Thus ended the attempt of Wendell Phillips to speak in Cincinnati. About eighteen or twenty eggs were thrown, and a bottle of vitriol was found in the vestibule; it was not used.

* *The Commercial* labored under no such difficulty, for we find in that paper the following report of the very words used by Mr. Phillips in this part of his speech:

"Mr. Phillips stated in so many words that he was an Abolitionist, and *that he had for fifteen years been a disunionist; but now he was satisfied that the Union meant justice to all men and races, and he was for it—for the measures that in his opinion were essential to its safety.* Any one of our citizens could have made the same remarks to a mass meeting in the market-place without exciting a demonstrative antagonism. But a mob had been organized, and was ravenous for mischief."

We severely condemn the conduct of those who have thus outraged the principle of liberty of speech and inflicted a stain upon the reputation of our city for adhesion to law, order and general decorum. It is unnecessary for us to state how radically we disagree with Mr. Phillips in his views of political policy—how greatly we think he has erred; but if that disagreement was a millionfold greater than it is, we should still insist that he had a right to be heard by those who chose to attend his lecture.

Intolerance of opinion and sentiment is one of the greatest evils of our times, and threatens the most serious results. The press and our public halls are open to those who desire to answer Mr. Phillips—to refute his logic and answer his assertions. He should be answered by fair discussion, and, not, as he was last night, by rotten eggs and stones. While we conduct a press or have a vote or a voice, it will be given for the greatest latitude of free speech, for without it we shall have the meanest despotism.

It is no excuse that some of Mr. Phillips's friends have been intolerant—have been desirous of mobbing those who differed in sentiment with them—no such retaliation is justified by reason or sound policy. Democrats, especially, have no right, and they sin against their political friends when they lift their hands to strike down the liberty of speech. We repudiate, with the strongest feeling of disgust and detestation, all mob violence, no matter against whom it is directed, or upon what pretext it is made.

From The Cincinnati Commercial.

The Mayor was warned during the day that there was a purpose on the part of a gang of ruffians to commit a breach of public order at the Opera House in the evening, but he entirely disregarded the warning, and when the mob was doing its work, not a policeman was at hand, as the whole force had been carefully ordered elsewhere.

A policeman was hunted up by a gentleman, and requested to go to the house and attempt to preserve order. He replied that he had been told by Mayor Hatch to keep away, and not go near the scene of the riot during the evening.

The mob was composed of the vilest class of our population. The lowest of the gamblers, the pimps, the thieves—those whose trade it is to rob the public, as well as private pilferers—the whiskey-bloats—the bullies in ward elections—the foulest-mouthed of the secesh sympathizers—were out in full force, tickets having been procured for them by the wholesale, and distributed through all the sink-holes of the city. We believe it can be substantiated that five hundred tickets were given away in places and to persons of the worst repute, for the express purpose of raising a mob.

Near fifteen hundred gentlemen and ladies paid for their tickets that they might hear a man who is confessedly one of the first scholars and orators in the country, and at the same time contribute to a noble charity. They were insulted, grossly, indecently, and their persons placed in peril, by a gang of cowardly miscreants, and it is not the fault of our infamous Mayor and his insolent police, that our beautiful Opera House was not the scene of a bloody tragedy as well as of a burning disgrace.

It is well known to our readers that we do not sympathize with the extreme views with which the name of Wendell Phillips is associated, and of which he is the ablest exponent. It is due to him to say, however, that his speech last night was inoffensive in terms, and was dispassionate, argumentative and patriotic.

One good result at least may be counted upon as compensation for the infamous conduct by which the city is disgraced. There has been an unmasking of the tory element that is in existence in our midst. The instigators and perpetrators of last night's outrages, and those who looked on with ill-suppressed satisfaction, were those who would be open traitors to their country if they dared. The whiskey-faced blatant wretches who roared in the galleries and lobbies, and threw stones and eggs upon the stage, are those who are instinctively the serfs of the gang of conspirators who have dragged the country into war, and they were as faithfully doing the bidding of their masters, as if they had received special orders from Jeff. Davis, or any of his villanous aristocracy. The spirit manifested was that of the same barbarism that otherwise has its demonstrations in the digging up and mutilation of the bodies of the gallant defenders of the Union who fell at Manassas, or in the scalping of the soldiers who were struck down fighting under the old flag on Pea Ridge. Indeed, there is reason to believe that the mob was the direct product of a treasonable organization. The people of Cincinnati have gravely to consider the situation in which they are placed. It is apparent that in these turbulent times, the police organization, to which we should be able to look with confidence for the preservation of order, is not only utterly unreliable, but affiliated with the dangerous elements of society, and may be expected to aid rather than repress lawless demonstrations by the vagabonds who infest the community.

It is remarkable that the most violent and long-continued outbreak that took place last night was commenced when the speaker was stating the proposition which no loyal and intelligent man, not blinded by old prejudices, can question, that the war now desolating the land is between the real democracy of the country and the sectional aristocracy that wields the power of African slavery in one hand and that of the ignorace of whites in the other. Nothing seemed so to stir the passions of the infuriate mob as the presentation of the fact which is as clear as the sun, that the secession aristocracy who have hazarded their all in the revolutionary effort to rule or ruin the country, not only hold the negro race in slavery, but degrade and oppress the poor white men of their section, and use them to sustain the depotism by which they are debased.

From The Cincinnati Gazette.

A gang of the baser sort of humanity, small compared with the large audience, determined that they were to be the censors of the sentiments which the respectable people of Cincinnati should be permitted to hear, and going there with a conspiracy already arranged, and with missiles and weapons provided, they succeeded in creating a row. Various missiles were hurled upon the stage. One bowlder, large enough to kill a man had it hit him, was thrown from the gallery, narrowly missing the speaker.

Near the close of the address a mob tried to make a rush for the stage, but were foiled. They then surrounded the doors of the house, waiting for Mr. Phillips to come out, but in this they were also foiled. A great number of revolvers were seen in this gang; and, without doubt, if they could have assaulted a single or a few unarmed men, they would have murdered them. They were eluded, and to this it is due that our city was not stained with the blood of an innocent high-minded stranger, and of some of its own citizens.

We suppose the issue thus made is whether the lowest stratum of society in this city shall be permitted to dictate to its respectable inhabitants what sentiments they shall be allowed to hear; and whether the rights of the great majority are subject to the brutality of a few of the most depraved. Probably there is no respectable family in the city, that would permit one of these low fellows to contaminate its circle, yet a gang of them undertake to set themselves up as the intellectual censors of the whole people. When brutes are our intellectual standard our progress must necessarily be toward brutishness.

Probably no public performance at the Opera House, or anywhere else, has been so destitute of policemen as this meeting was. The people are given to understand by this that the police is for the purpose of drawing pay, levying black mail on grog-shops, and arresting harmless men, but to be carefully absent whenever the rowdies see fit to take possession of the city.

From The Cincinnati Press.

Every good citizen of Cincinnati regrets the occurrence of last night, and those persons who checked the utterance of free thoughts by a display of bowlders and rotten eggs, have cast a stain upon the good reputation of our city, which it will be difficult to efface, however low the authors may be in the scale of society.

From The Cincinnati Times.

There was a premeditated design to prevent Mr. Phillips from lecturing. It was participated in by many respectable citizens, but the task was committed to such degraded hands, that many who were anxious to have the lecture interfered with became ashamed of the affair before the lecture was half over.

The indecency of the mob destroyed the intended purpose. The lecture was delivered, and nobody hurt.

We make no report of Mr. Phillips's speech, and shall only add that his calmness of manner and moderate opinions surprised a great many, who expected to hear a raving maniac. He avowed himself no longer a disunionist, satisfied that slavery has already received its death-blow, and has only to "turn over and die." He wants now, he said, are directed to the prevention of compromises, which, in his opinion, would only tend to prolong the contest between the intellectual democracy of the North and the aristocracy of the South. That is his lecture in a nutshell.

HOW THE MAYOR OF CINCINNATI NEGLECTED HIS DUTY—AN INCIDENT.

Further particulars of the disgraceful attempt to prevent Wendell Phillips from speaking in Cincinnati are given by *The Commercial* of that city of Wednesday. It appears that Mayor Hatch was apprised of the probability of a disturbance, but that he failed to adopt any precautionary measures. During the day Mr. Enoch T. Carson, a resident of the city, sent a note to the Mayor, in which he said:

"I deem it my duty to advise you, that you may take such precautionary measures as you may deem necessary, to see that the peace and dignity of our city is preserved. I have also dropped a note to the Chief of Police, in order to be sure that the proper authorities shall be advised of this matter, not knowing that this would reach you."

The Commercial adds:

"The Mayor's way of preserving the peace was to order all the police force out of the neighborhood of the expected riot. It is very certain that not one man in the uniform of a police officer was to be seen in the building in the evening. We are authorized by Judge Dickson to say that he left the house soon after the rioting commenced to hunt up a policeman, and after walking some distance one was discovered. The Judge told him the state of affairs at the Opera House, and asked him why he was not there, and requested him to go. The officer said the Mayor had told him to keep entirely away from there, and he could not disobey orders. The officer had no number on his hat and professed to have lost it, and would not tell his name.

"About half-past nine o'clock Col. Dudley, Chief of Police, was rapping very faintly with his mace on the Post-office steps. He was then informed that there were several hundred ladies at the Opera House who were frightened by the riot and in danger, and asked where his police force was. He said: 'Why, they are all out on their beats. I am just rapping for them now.' He said he had not suspected that there would be any difficulty, and that he had made inquiries during the day, and was told that no police force would be needed. We have since been informed that

Mr. Coleman also made inquiry the girl had sa the neighborhood, and held a long conversation wit a white woman on the premises, who had nursed sick and wounded at Sudley church. She assured him that she herself had witnessed the whole affair, and had expostulated, begged and entreated that the d should be held sacred; but the savages moc at her; and then, finding all endeavors useless, had saved a lock of his hair and preserved it his friends, who she was confident some day wou appear, and this lock of hair she gave to Mr. Col. man. The men who performed this hellish deed were members of the Twenty-first Georgia regiment, and it will be remembered that it was the Georgia regiments that the Second Rhode Island had met and vanquished on the battle-field.

On through the woods again; across brooks the horses waded and floundered; the mire was deep and night had set in; but on went the little band, until the cavalcade emerged on the battle-ground of Bull run. The tired horses, shivering and trembling, were picketed to the fences, and by the flaring candles—for no lanterns were to be obtained—the search was commenced for Capt. Tower at eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. Clark, by looking from a window in the house where he lay wounded on the day of battle, and now occupied by Mr. Matthews, pointed out the spot where the Captain was interred. The ground was wet and marshy, and as often as a spadeful of earth was thrown from the grave the water would trickle in. The work was therefore reluctantly deferred until the morrow, and the party, tired and mournful, clustered in the little white hospital building in which our wounded men were carried on the 21st of July All wrapped themselves in their blankets, and, with saddles for pillows, sought repose on the hard floor.

On the morning of Saturday the water stood in pools on the surface of the ground—for it had rained heavily in the night, and a ditch was dug around the graves to facilitate digging, and the bodies were again uncovered. The dead were all found buried with their faces downward as a mark of foul indignity, and thus lay in "one red burial blent." Poor fellows; the tears gushed from the eyes of the troopers as they reverently gazed upon their dead comrades in arms.

The body of Capt. Tower was identified by Col. Arnold, who stood by the side of the grave, and who was one of the most earnest among all of the saddened group in his endeavors to recognize his remains. It is a matter of congratulation that, guided by the directions of Messrs. Richardson and Clark, the precise locality of each of the remains recovered was satisfactorily determined; and it is to be regretted that the party who, as I am informed, left Rhode Island for the purpose of identifying the remains of Lieut. Prescott, failed, for some reason, to join this expedition, and consequently no guide was at hand to aid in finding his remains.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

REMOVAL.

THE office of THE STANDARD will be removed, on or before the first of May, to No. 48 Beekman st., a few doors below William.

AS BEFORE THE WAR.

FEW circumstances relating to a private individual, if Mr. Wendell Phillips can properly be so described, have excited more attention than the recent visit of that gentleman to Washington, the audience which he had at the Smithsonian from the public, and the audience he had at the White House from the President. These particulars, indeed, are curious in themselves, but doubly so in view of the change in public sentiment which they indicate. But the strangest thing of the whole was that it should have been possible for him to be there at all. He might well say, with the famous Doge of Venice, of whom Voltaire tells, that what surprised him most in the metropolis of the United States was, to find himself there. This is admitted on all hands, by all who enter upon the subject. There is no two opinions as to the fact that had he even appeared in Washington as a traveller, or on business, two years ago, he never would have left the city alive. And this is certainly no hard matter to believe, inasmuch as, but a little more than a year ago, he could not go to address a religious society in his own city of Boston, on Sunday morning, excepting under the escort of brave men, well armed (some of them, alas, since fallen on battle-fields which they believed were to be those of Freedom!), and his house was not considered safe at night without regularly relieved sentries of volunteers, who, all unknown to him, watched over his precious life. When assassination was thus organized in Puritan Boston, and when it received at least the indirect countenance of its most prominent citizens at that time, it can hardly be thought extravagant to say that his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase in Washington or Baltimore.

And what had Mr. Phillips done that he should be thus outlawed in his native city and in the city of the government of his country? Was any moral, social, or political crime attributed to him? Of course not, or he could have been proceeded against according to law. His crime was that he had employed his matchless eloquence, strictly according to law, and in conformity with the terms of the Constitution, to convince the American public of their sins of commission and of omission towards the slave, and to implore that justice to him which was the only effectual salvation for them. It was for preaching the very gospel of escape from the wrath to come, of peace, of good-will, of public and private happiness, that his name was coupled only with execration and his blood fiercely thirsted for. It is not, therefore, strange that men's imaginations should have been strongly affected by the contrast between his late treatment at Washington and what it would have been fifteen months ago. And yet what a commentary is not this very emotion on the state of constitutional liberty at that time! A man, confessedly the peer of the proudest intellects that ever illustrated the American Capital, forbidden by laws superior to the Constitution to enter it, on pain of a barbarous death, which there was no power or wish on the part of the government to prevent or to punish! All this, of course, because there was a Power above the Constitution, which would suffer no denial of its divine right and no interference with its supremacy, whether lawful or unlawful, constitutional or unconstitutional. And of all this, Mr. Phillips was but the most illustrious example. The same rule applied to all men in Congress and out. The assassin sought out Sumner in the sanctity of the Senate Chamber, and murder stalked over half the land to avenge even the suspicion of disloyalty to slavery. There was no safety anywhere in fifteen States, nor in the metropolis for any man, high or low, who made himself odious by applying the doctrines of the Declaration and of the Gospel to the institutions existing there.

This was the state of things existing before the rebellion, and the rebels are told, by every authentic voice, military or civil, that has been uttered since the resistance to the rebellion begun, that its only object is to put things back just as they were before it broke out! No word has yet been uttered indicating a purpose to secure to men not slaveholders their constitutional rights of free speech and a free press everywhere within the limits of the Republic. The intention of maintaining the rights of the slave-owners to occupy, possess and enjoy their human property, with all its necessary incidents of whips, chains, torture, degradation and murder, and with its equally essential accident of the suppressing the liberty of white men in the neighborhood of their slaves, has been the *gist* of almost every public utterance on the subject in the ears of Europe and America. We do not mean to say that the subject took this definite shape in the mind of every civilian or General who has ventilated his opinions in this matter But we do say that this is the actual meaning of the promise to restore matters as they were before the war, because this is how things then were. In fact, slavery has so managed to bewitch almost all eyes, that they can discern nothing else that has a right to constitutional protection. It is almost impossible to make even statesmen perceive that Mr. Phillips has as much constitutional right to express his anti-slavery opinions in Charleston as Gov. Aiken has to hold his eight hundred slaves, and that Mr. Garrison has as much right to print *The Liberator* in New Orleans as his former friend Mr. Otis has to print *The Picayune*. And that it is just as much the duty, at least, of the government to protect men in the one class of constitutional rights as in the other.

We trust that it will not be in the power, should it remain the wish, of our civil and military authorities, to remit the nation to the condition in which it was before the war began, after it is over. We cannot think that it will ever be unsafe for any American citizen to enter the National Capital. It has taken a thousand million of dollars and six hundred thousand men to enable Mr. Phillips to go to Washington. It has been a good expenditure of the means of the nation, and we trust that they will be organized into a permanent monument of their recovered liberties for the benefit of all the inhabitants for all generations. We have said that we do not believe that the men at and near the helm of our affairs, however it may be with some of the Generals, wish that the old state of things should be restored in its entirety. We see signs of this in the emancipation message of the President, in the Anti-Slave-catching Act, in the impending abolition in the District, in the attentions bestowed upon Mr. Phillips, the apostle of the widest freedom of speech. We trust that the Capital will henceforth be a safe place for all men to speak and print, and we are not without hope for the rest of the country. If this rebellion be effectually subdued, it can only be kept down, as it will be put down, by the military arm of the nation. The chief centres, Charleston, Savannah, Richmond, New Orleans and the like, must be held by military force, as Baltimore now is, for a long time. And then the right of all citizens to travel, to settle, to speak, to print, may be secured to them, as it is the duty of the government to do. Should the power of the government, strengthened as it will be by a vanquished insurrection, maintain all the rights of all the citizens as they *ought* to have been, under the Constitution, before it broke out, the war will have been a cheap one, dear as it may be. And in such case, we have no fear of the long endurance of slavery, for it exists only by trampling out the life of every constitutional security, excepting that given to itself. But were it possible for the *status quo ante bellum* to be literally restored, the blood and treasure had better been spared, for the last end of this nation were then worse than the first. We will not believe, however, that the men to whom the nation has entrusted its life wish to bring this calamity upon it, and we are assured that God and events will be too mighty for them, if they do.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT THE WEST.

ON the first page will be found extracts from Cincinnati papers, containing a full account of the recent mob in that city. It appears that the mobocrats were from the lowest and vilest stratum of the population, and that the Mayor, though warned of their designs, not only did nothing to protect the meeting, but actually ordered the police to keep away from the scene! The disturbance, however, instead of overawing the friends of good order, has served to develop a public opinion which will hereafter be the best protection for the freedom of speech. The press of the city, so far as we have observed, is unanimous in unqualified denunciation of the rioters, and of the Mayor whose neglect of duty was their opportunity for mischief.

Mr. Phillips went from Cincinnati to Chicago, where he was engaged to deliver two lectures. *The Times*, the Democratic organ of Chicago (owned, we believe, by the wealthy Mr. McCormick, an Old School Presbyterian of the New York *Observer* type, and edited by a renegade Vermonter, named Storey), did all in its power, by systematic lying and base appeals to the vicious portion of the population, to produce a riot, but all in vain. The Chicago *Tribune* says:

"For the week past the columns of the secession *Times* have been filled with appeals to mob violence to break up the lectures of Mr. Phillips at Bryan Hall, announced by the Young Men's Association. Nothing was spared to bring about such an end. With a shamelessness that in a good cause would be bravery, and a persistence worthy of a better end in view, they have openly urged and secretly plotted to reproduce in Chicago the Cincinnati outrage. And the attempt has failed utterly. . . . The tribute was a noble one thus paid to free speech and a free discussion of the great issue of the day. Any one who was present last evening must have been blind and deaf not to have read the augury. Had Bryan Hall been two or three times as large, it would have been a duplicate or triplicate demonstration, and proof that the hearts of the people are right on this question—that in their view slavery is dead—and they prefer to listen to those who 'come *to bury*, not to praise.' . . . We give enough of his speech to show what is the mission of Wendell Phillips, pleading and entreating his fellow-citizens to spare not the monster evil of slavery, and to evidence the spirit in which Chicago has received him. Here, at least, there are no mobs. Never was the matter better tested than last evening, and it now stands emphatically on record that such is the case. Never were appeals to base passions more shameless, and a premium on mob violence more openly offered, and yet the vast audience came and went as quietly as to a Sabbath service, and the few minions of *The Times* slunk away rebuked. We have no elaborate comments to make upon Mr. Phillips's lecture. It was eminently patriotic, as our report will convince all who do not put the salvation of slavery before the preservation of the Union. It takes the ground that there can be no peace without the extinction of slavery, whose root the war has laid bare. Honest-minded men are very much of that opinion."

As a specimen of the *spirit* of the opposition to Mr. Phillips, we quote all that the Chicago *Times* says of the lecture. *The Times* does not report a word of what Mr. Phillips said, but thus misrepresents him without scruple:

"Wendell Phillips, last evening, deemed it expedient to tone down and sugar-coat his treasonable lecture on the war. With this slight difference, the discourse was substantially the same as the New York *Tribune*'s report of it as delivered in Washington. The labors of the framers of the Constitution were scoffed at and derided, and he frankly admitted that he had been a zealous Disunionist for sixteen years, and until, through the working of the present war, he discovered glimmerings of universal and immediate emancipation, and of the blissful era of practical amalgamation. Comparing the relative exports of the West India Islands and of the New England States as the test of the superiority of the races, the lecturer deduced the statement that the negro beats the Yankee a hundred per cent. The audience, crinoline and broadcloth alike, enthusiastically applauded this announcement of their own inferiority to the greasy and half-civilized negroes of Jamaica and Hayti. So much for the audience. The existence of any Union sentiment whatever at the South Phillips earnestly combated, and its alleged non-existence formed the basis of an argument for the creation of a Union party of emancipated negroes and the colonization of the slaveholders. This sentence, in fact, is almost a syllabus of the argument of the entire lecture. The military ability of Gen. McClellan was ridiculed, and this provoked the only manifestation of disapprobation indulged in by the audience. Rather strange, too, considering that Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, and other architects of the Constitution, were stigmatized as even more complete failures as statesmen than McClellan as a soldier. But throughout, the harangue abounded in as palpable treason as has ever been uttered by Davis or Yancey. It was administered, too, in a most plausible shape. False facts, figures, and logic were resorted to. The dead statesmen of the Republic were maligned and misrepresented, and cotemporaneous history grossly perverted.

"Wendell Phillips can return to Boston and congratulate the treasonable coterie of which he is a shining light, on a brilliant achievement; Chicago, which once refused to hear Douglas in vindication of the Constitution and the sanctity of the Union, and mobbed the great statesman from the rostrum, has applauded him to the very echo in his execration of the charter of our liberties and his ridicule of the symbol of our departed national greatness."

The Chicago *Tribune* says that "an invitation has been sent to Mr. Phillips to repeat his lecture on the war, in Cincinnati, on his return East, and he will do so, when woe betide the wretched tool of the slave-drivers that dares assail free speech. Mr. Phillips will probably comply with the invitation."

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

IN the U. S. Senate, on Monday, March 31, the bill for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia being under consideration—

Mr. SUMNER (Rep., Mass.) said: With inexpressible delight I hail this measure and the prospect of its speedy adoption. It is the first installment of that great debt which we all owe to an enslaved race, and will be recognized in history as one of the triumphs of civilization. At home it will be welcomed with gratitude, while abroad it will quicken the hopes of all who love freedom. Liberal institutions will gain everywhere by the abolition of slavery at the National Capital. Nobody can read that slaves were once sold in the markets of Rome, beneath the eyes of the sovereign Pontiff, without confessing the scandal to religion, and nobody can now hear that slaves are sold in the markets of Washington, beneath the eyes of the President, without confessing the scandal to liberal institutions. For the sake of justice, let the scandal disappear. In early discussions of this question, there were many topics introduced which now command little attention. It was part of the tactics of slavery to claim absolute immunity. Indeed, without such immunity, it had small chance of continued existence. Such a wrong, so utterly outrageous in its pretensions, could find a foothold only where it was protected from injury. Therefore, it was insisted that petitions against its existence at the National Capital were not to be received; that it was unconstitutional to touch it even here, within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress; and that if it were touched, it should be only under the auspices of the neighboring States of Virginia and Maryland. On these points elaborate arguments were made; but it were useless to discuss them now. Whatever may be the opinions of individual Senators, the judgment of the country is fixed. The right of petition, vindicated by the matchless perseverance of John Quincy Adams, is now beyond question, and the constitutional power of Congress is hardly less free from doubt. It is enough to say on this point, that if Congress cannot abolish slavery here, there is no power anywhere to abolish it here, and this wrong will endure always, immortal as the Capital itself. But as the moment of justice approaches we are called to meet a different objection. It is urged that since there can be no such thing as property in man—especially within the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress, therefore all now held as slaves are justly entitled to freedom without compensation or ransom to their masters. Of course, if this question were determined according to absolute justice, it is obvious that nothing can be done for the masters, and that any money to be paid belongs rather to the slaves who for generations have been despoiled of all the fruits of their industry. But it will be difficult for Congress to determine the question according to absolute justice. It must act practically in the light of existing usages, and even existing prejudices, under which such relations have assumed the character of law; nor must we hesitate at any sacrifice, provided Freedom can be established. Testimony and eloquence have been accumulated against slavery; but on this occasion I shall confine myself precisely to the argument against its recognition at the National Capital, nor shall I wander into the discussion of other questions which are only distantly connected with it. At some other time the great question of Emancipation in the States may be properly considered, together with that other question, in which the Senator from Wisconsin (Mr. Doolittle) takes so great an interest, whether the freedmen shall be encouraged to exile themselves to other lands or to continue their labor at home. It is surely enough for the present to enter upon the discussion of slavery at the National Capital; and here we are met by two inquiries, so frankly addressed by the clear-headed Senator (Mr. Pomeroy): First, has slavery any constitutional or legal existence at the National Capital; and secondly, shall money be paid to secure its abolition? It is true there can be no such thing as property in man. If this pretension is recognized anywhere, it is another instance of the influence of custom. Slavery was then described in its essential character as a five-headed barbarism, having its origin not in reason, or nature, or justice, or goodness, but simply in force, and nothing else. The force which maintains slavery at the National Capital is supplied by Congress. If the Constitution were rightly interpreted by a just tribunal, slavery could not exist here; for freedom and not slavery is National. Its unconstitutionality was ably argued by Mr. Chase in the Senate and Horace Mann in the House, and it follows from the principle declared by Judge McLean that, in the absence of any power in the Constitution, it cannot exist, as respiration cannot exist where there is no atmosphere. This was applied by him to the Territories. After a protracted discussion, Washington was selected as the National Capital. For a long time there was hesitation between the banks of the Delaware, the Susquehanna, and the Potomac. The latter prevailed by a "compromise," carried by two votes. Maryland, by formal act, ceded the territory which now constitutes the District of Columbia, and Congress, in 1801, proceeded to declare that the laws of Maryland "as they now exist" shall continue in force. The statutes sanctioning slavery are colonial and ante-diluvian passed as early as 1795. These statutes do not attaint the blood with slavery except for two generations; yet it is by virtue of these provisions that slaves are still held at the National Capital. Even if they extend beyond two generations they are flagrantly inconsistent with the Constitution. Congress can exercise no powers except in conformity with the Constitution. Its exclusive jurisdiction is controlled and limited by the Constitution, out of which it is derived. Now, looking at the Constitution, we shall find, first, that there are no words authorizing Congress to establish or recognize slavery, and secondly, that there are positive words which prohibit Congress from the exercise of any such power. The argument therefore is twofold, first, from the absence of authority, and secondly, from positive prohibition. A barbarism like slavery can have no support except in positive, unambiguous words. There is no power in the Constitution to make a king or to make a slave, and the absence of all such power is hardly more clear in one case than in the other. But if there be no such power, then all acts of Congress sustaining slavery at the National Capital must be unconstitutional and void. Nobody can show a phrase or word in the Constitution giving the power. If you find it there, it is simply because you make the Constitution a reflex of yourself. But if there were doubt on this point, the prohibitions of the Constitution would settle the question, among which is this: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Every person now detained as a slave here is detained in violation of this prohibition. A court properly impartial, and ready to assume that just responsibility which dignifies judicial tribunals, would at once declare slavery impossible here, and set every slave free. The two cases are parallel. In the British case of the Somerset, 15,000 were set free, while here it will be only 3,000. But since courts will not do this work, it must be attempted by Congress. If from the former, it would be the triumph of the statesman. But shall Congress vote money? I do not hesitate, and there are two prevailing reasons—first, if not a partnership, there is at least a complicity on the part of Congress in slavery here, through which the whole country has become responsible; and, secondly, it is the gentlest, quietest, and surest way, and therefore the most practical. As there is no reason of policy adverse to such appropriation, so there is no objection in the Constitution. Congress may create freemen here, although it may not create slaves. But I prefer to consider the money which we vote, not as compensation but as ransom. From time immemorial every Government has undertaken to ransom its subjects from captivity. Unhappily in our history we have had occasion to do this with the sanction and coöperation of the best names in our history. Even in our colonial days American white people were enslaved by the Barbary States. Algiers was the chief seat of this enormity, which found the same apologies set up for slavery here. It was even said that the slaves in Algiers were well fed, much better than the free Christians there, and that some became indifferent to freedom. In unfolding this eventful story, I shall exhibit the direct and constant intervention of Congress for the ransom of slaves; but the story itself is an argument against slavery. Our efforts and anxieties began immediately after the establishment of our Independence. As our power seemed inadequate to compel the liberation of these people, it was attempted by ransom. But at first our government offered only $200 a head, less than is proposed in the present bill for the redemption of slaves at the National Capital. Petitions were presented to Congress for the captives, and several interesting reports were made by the Secretary of State, in which he said that it was regarded as important that "in the first instance of redemption by the United States, our price should be fixed at the lowest point." There are also several messages of Washington on the subject, calling upon Congress "to provide what shall seem most expedient." The question stated was between war and ransom. The Senate, by formal resolution, advised ransom, and the President then announced, "I will proceed to take measures for the ransom of our citizens in captivity at Algiers." This important business met with many interruptions. Commodore Paul Jones, who was entrusted with it, died. Col. Humphreys was not allowed to reach Algiers. During all this time our people are held in bondage. The country, meanwhile, was armed. People of all classes vied in generous efforts. At public celebrations the toasts "Happiness for all" and "Universal Liberty" were proposed partly in sympathy with our wretched white fellow-citizens in bonds. The story of the "Algerine Captive," reprinted in London, was the prototype of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Col. Humphreys proposed to raise money by lotteries. At last by act of Congress of the 20th March, 1794, $1,000,000 were appropriated for the ransom of our people, being precisely the same sum as is now proposed to be paid for ransom here. The treaty with Algiers, when obtained, was a sacrifice of pride, and not of honor, to the necessity of the occasion. But, amid all its unquestionable humiliation, it was a treaty of emancipation; nor did our people consider nicely the terms on which such a good was secured. It was hailed by Washington in a message to Congress as "gratifying to every feeling heart." From a document in our State papers, it appears that annual appropriations during several years were made for this purpose, amounting to upward of $2,000,000. To all who now question the power of Congress, or the policy of exercising it, I commend this account in its various items. In all we consider the population, and the resources of the time, the amount is not inconsiderable. But the prowess of Decatur was afterward enlisted to do by arms what was not completely done by ransom. Great Britain was aroused to a naval expedition which abolished slavery in the Barbary States. And thus ended white slavery in the Barbary States. A single brief effort of war puts an instant close to this wicked practice. In looking back upon its history we find much to humble our pride, if we are disposed to mourn that our government stooped to ransom those who were justly free without price, yet we cannot fail to gather instruction from this great precedent. Slavery is the same in its essential character wherever it exists, except, perhaps, that it has received some new harshness here among us. There is no argument against its validity at Algiers which is not equally strong against its validity at Washington. In both cases it is unjust—Force organized into law. But in Algiers it is not equally known that the law was unconstitutional, as it clearly is here in Washington. In the early case, slavery was regarded by our fathers only as an existing FACT; and it is only as an existing fact that it can now be regarded by us in the present case; nor is there any power of Congress, which was generously extended for these captives, which may not now be invoked for the captives in our own streets. Mr. Sumner concluded by saying: Mr. President, if in this important discussion, which seems to open the door of the future, I have confined myself to two simple inquiries, it is because practically they exhaust the whole subject. If slavery be unconstitutional in the National Capital, and if it be right to ransom slaves, then you cannot hesitate to adopt the present bill. It is needless to enter upon other questions, important perhaps, but irrelevant. It is unnecessary also to consider the bugbears which Senators have invoked: for all must see that they are bugbears. If I have seemed to dwell on details it is because they furnished at each stage instruction and support. If I have occupied time in a curious passage of history, it is because it was more apt than curious, while it afforded a mirror in which we can see ourselves. Of course, I scorn to argue the obvious truth that the slaves here are as much entitled to freedom as the white slaves that assisted the early energies of our government. They are men, by the grace of God, and this is enough. There is no principle of the Constitution, and no rule of justice, which is not as strong for one as the other. In consenting to the ransom proposed, you will recognize the manhood, and if authority be needed, you will find it in the example of Washington, who did not hesitate to apply a golden key to open the house of bondage. Let the bill pass, and the first practical triumph of freedom, for which good men have longed, dying without the sight—for which a whole generation has petitioned, and for which orators and statesmen have pleaded—will at last be accomplished. Slavery will be banished from the National Capital. This metropolis, which has long generated name will be purified; its evil spirit will be cast out; its shame will be removed; its society will be refined; its courts will be improved; its revolting finances will be swept away, and its loyalty will be secured. If you are not moved by justice to the slave, then act for your own good and in self-defense. If you hesitate to pass this bill for the blacks, then pass it for the whites. Nothing is clearer than that the degradation of slavery affects the master as much as the slave, while recent events testify that where slavery exists, there treason lurks, if it does not flaunt. From the beginning of this rebellion, slavery has been constantly revealed in the conduct of the masters, and even here in the National Capital, it has been the treacherous power which has encouraged and strengthened the enemy. This power must be suppressed, and if the suppression here endangers slavery, elsewhere there will be a new motive for the good work. For the sake of ourselves, in self-defense, and in the name of the Constitution and of justice, let it be done.

REFUGEES FROM SLAVERY.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* of the 29th ultimo says:

"The early train from Baltimore, yesterday, brought to this city 91 contrabands from Eastern Virginia. The party was composed of both sexes and various ages, from early childhood to decrepid man and womanhood. They were taken in the cars to the foot of Washington avenue, and they were there furnished with breakfast by the Volunteer Refreshment Committee. The arrival of this large number of contrabands soon drew a crowd to the refreshment saloon, among whom was a number of colored persons. They conversed freely with the contrabands, and ascertaining their wishes and intentions, arrangements were soon made to provide temporary homes for them. One of the females, from her extreme age, attracted a good deal of notice. She was represented to be over 100 years old, and to have been the mother of 21 children. The health of nearly all of them appeared to be good. What these poor creatures are to do in a place like Philadelphia, already overcrowded with unemployed white labor, and where much suffering exists for want of employment, it is impossible to conjecture. A large number additional is expected to-day."

The Philadelphia correspondent of *The Herald* says:

"Some intensely ludicrous scenes were enacted, and the negroes were by turns filled with fear and merriment. About a hundred Philadelphia blacks had heard of the arrival of their brethren, and a committee of these were allowed to enter the saloon and consult with the fugitives. The interview is said to have been exceedingly humorous, and ended in the acceptation by the distinguished strangers of sundry invitations to lodge with our negro citizens.

"The wealthy negro families here have generously sheltered the Ethiopes, and it is probable that a number will remain in the city. The Abolitionists are using every endeavor to secure the employment of blacks in the arsenals and navy yards. Memorials of this description are being circulated in this city, and certain Congressmen are pledged to agitate the matter in Congress.

"The negroes who have arrived are dressed in the coarsest garb of hemp. Most of these contrabands have been engaged with Banks's division, repairing railroads on the Upper Potomac. They have brought their grandmothers and children away, and we saw among the arrivals one woman upwards of a hundred years old, who stated that she had more than twenty children. Three of these negroes were the property of ex-Senator Mason, and two of Hon. C. J. Faulkner. Three hundred fugitives expect to get here next week. Several of the men have money, and one negro had Treasury notes to the amount of a hundred dollars."

CONCERT AT COOPER INSTITUTE BY COLORED CHILDREN.—The large hall of the Cooper Institute was well filled on Monday evening with an audience in all of which only about half a dozen "pale faces" could be seen, to listen to the performances of about 150 young vocalists from our schools for colored children. The programme was long, and the gratified audience waited till after 11 o'clock to hear the last song. Some of the solos and choruses were very finely sung, and the entire affair was creditable to Mr. Robert Hamilton, the leader, as well as to our public-school teachers, and to the throng of juvenile performers. The proceeds are designed to aid *The Anglo-African*, a journal published and edited by colored men, and also to assist a mechanical school for colored people.

LETTER FROM AARON M. POWELL.

MOBOCRATIC THREATENINGS—MEETINGS IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY.

Mr. KISCO, Westchester Co., N. Y., March 31, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE race of mobocrats is not yet extinct. Their manifestations, so disgracefully exhibited at Cincinnati recently in the case of Wendell Phillips, and later in that of Rev. Samuel Aaron at Burlington N. J., have a counterpart, in spirit, if not in strength, in many localities. These mobocratic exhibitions against Abolitionists I conclude are one result of the "patriotic" coalition now in progress between pro-slavery Republicans and Democrats to gain political ascendancy and so thwart all efforts at emancipation, even to the extent hinted at in President Lincoln's late, neither "fish nor flesh" message.

On Wednesday evening last, accompanied by my wife and sister, I attended an anti-slavery meeting, held at the Court-House, at Bedford, in this County. The name of Bedford will be familiar to you and your readers as associated with the home of Gov. JAY, the honored Chief Justice; also of the distinguished son, Hon WM. JAY, and of the present representative and occupant of the family homestead, JOHN JAY, Esq. Bedford village, which is a few miles distant from the Jay homestead, though it gave, I believe, a majority vote for Abraham Lincoln, is far enough from the kingdom of heaven. On reaching the Court-House, we found our meeting, which had been well advertised, to consist of about a dozen young men of the "baser sort," all lustily engaged in smoking cigars. Into such an atmosphere we were ushered. Waiting a half hour we had an accession of a considerable number of men and boys, and a few women. Low mutterings about the "Abolitionists" and "niggers" could be heard. The meeting was organized by the appointment of a chairman, of "conservative" antecedents, and I proceeded to speak for about an hour upon the relations of slavery to the Federal Union, past and present. Throughout the meeting there were continual interruptions, and exclamations of "He's a —— Abolitionist," "—— the niggers," etc., etc. At times a general uproar, and breaking up of the meeting seemed inevitable. After my remarks, and a weak speech of dissent from the doctrine of immediate emancipation by the chairman, Mrs. Powell succeeded in gaining their quiet attention for a time, and then distributed among them copies of gratuitous anti-slavery tracts. Measurably defeated in their design of breaking up the meeting, the "patriots" gave vent to their feelings, on leaving, by a succession of hearty groans for the "Abolitionists," hideous bellowings, and curses upon the niggers, etc., etc. Thus the meeting ended. Dr. Woolsey very kindly entertained us, and exerted himself faithfully for a good meeting.

In the same place, a few days previous, Mr. Jay, in a public meeting prior to the town election, was grossly insulted, and boisterously interrupted during a speech, being obnoxious chiefly on account of his abolitionism.

A remarkable contest, involving the issue of abolitionism, has arisen at Katonah, Mr. Jay's immediate neighborhood. At the instance of Mr. Jay, several months ago, the old Buchanan, rum-selling postmaster was removed, an anti-slavery Republican appointed in his stead, and the office changed from a rum-shop to a pleasant, convenient jeweller's store. The conservative Republicans and Democrats afterwards formed a coalition, and by great exertions, securing the coöperation of leading politicians, of like sympathies, including, I believe, Senator Harris, succeeded in having the new appointment, made at the instance of Mr. Jay and other highly respectable citizens, revoked and the office changed back again to the rum-shop, and the old *Buchanan* incumbent reinstated. The chief ground of opposition to the new appointment was based upon the *obnoxious abolitionism of* JOHN JAY, Esq.; including malicious assaults also upon the memory of Judge JAY, because at his death he left a bequest for the benefit of fugitive slaves, thus encouraging (say these "patriots") a disobedience of the laws of his country!! To such representations as the above does Mr. Blair listen, giving persistently his official preference to the Buchanan rum-seller! It is proper to state that Mr. Blair is indebted in a considerable degree for his place in the Cabinet to Mr. Jay. Remonstrances have been sent, large public meetings held, but as yet to no purpose. A large and spirited meeting was held on Saturday last, with addresses by Mr. Jay and others, and a committee appointed to lay the subject before Congress, calling for an amendment of the post-office laws, so that no post-office may be taken where liquor is sold. Such an amendment would prove a great public blessing. I send with this brief extracts from Mr. Jay's speech on Saturday last, which, if your space will allow, I know you will be glad to give to the readers of THE STANDARD.

Last spring, as Mr. Jay assured me (during a very pleasant visit at the "Jay Homestead"), he entertained the opinion that it were better for Abolitionists to forego their distinctive labors, giving their united support to the war for the Union, but he now esteems their continued activity important. For myself, I was not last spring, nor have I at any time, been convinced that it was right, or in any sense a gain, for Abolitionists to abate in any degree their distinctive, critical, aggressive labors. A triumph of the Union cause, without emancipation, will be a most lamentable and guilty defeat. Better far a separation and recognition of the Southern Confederacy. A union with slaveholders, with special recognition of them as slaveholders, has always proved demoralizing and destructive to the best interests of the North and of the whole country. It is not less the case at the present time in the gratuitous and unhallowed submission of the Federal government to the dictation of Border State slaveholders and their apologists.

We have just concluded a series of three anti-slavery meetings in this place. There were savage threatenings of a mob in advance of our coming here, but Mr. Fowler (a Western convert of Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster's), an earnest man, and several others of like character, resolved that we should be heard, and that peaceably. On Friday evening we had a good audience and a quiet hearing, but much to the discomfiture of the mobocrats. On Saturday evening we had a still larger audience. The elements were more discordant than on the previous evening, but Elizabeth M. Powell was very attentively listened to for half an hour, after which I was heard for an hour, for the most part quietly. A Mr. Matthews, the owner of the hall in which we were speaking, was highly incensed, and left in a great rage, with imprecations against Abolitionism. He was much disturbed that his hall was being used for anti-slavery meetings, but it was leased to another, and therefore he could not control it. After leaving the meeting, I am told, he tried to organize a company to go back into the hall, take the "—— Abolitionist" out, and tear down the building, and he would pay expenses! But the town constable, with the help of the citizens, kept the unruly elements in subjection. This Mr. Matthews claims to have voted for Lincoln, and to be a Republican!

On leaving the hall we were greeted with all sorts of hootings, calls for "rotten eggs," etc., etc.

Yesterday morning the Presbyterian church was applied for for our third meeting, but refused.

I attended the Friends' meeting in the morning, spoke on the subject of slavery, and at the close of the services made a public request for the use of their house for our anti-slavery meeting. A consultation was held, and *individually* no member seemed to object, but *collectively* it was decided that, lest it should lead to dissension, the house better not be used for the anti-slavery meeting. One man, not a member (his wife is a Friend), acknowledged to be of secession proclivities, threatened that he should not again attend Friends' meeting if they opened their house for our use! A kindred influence prevailed to close the Presbyterian church also. Thus while, as the telegraph informs us to-day, the Secretary of War yesterday closed the churches of two rebel clergymen at Washington, secession influence prevailed to close the two churches against our anti-slavery meeting at Mt. Kisco.

We accordingly held our third meeting in the hall, which was well filled, in the afternoon. We were most attentively listened to, having no disturbance, and very hearty expressions of interest, closing our labors here with most gratifying and triumphant success.

I have extended somewhat the notes of our experiences in this region to give you more fully the condition of the public pulse, as we find it. Stimulated by the late successes of the Federal arms, the politicians are astir to repair whatever breach has been made in their old "covenant with death and agreement with hell." God grant that their evil purposes and machinations may be confounded!

We go next to Pleasantville, New Castle, and Katonah in this County. AARON M. POWELL.

Extract from Mr. Jay's Speech at the meeting in Katonah, March 27, in regard to the Post-Office.

The next correspondent of the Hon. Edward Haight, who has procured the removal of your Republican postmaster and the appointment of a Buchanan Democrat, sending you to a liquor-shop for your letters, and avowedly strengthening the party in opposition to the Administration, is Mr. J. W. Tompkins of White Plains. Mr. Tompkins writes to Haight, Jan. 17—and if he does not blush when he sees his words in print, there are many who will blush for him—"I write you, not as a friend of the present party in power, but as an open Democrat. * * * I would rather see any party rule here other than Abolitionists, and particularly those who, living or dead, devote their property to help runaway slaves on the underground railroad to Canada."

I will close my extract with this paragraph—for there is nothing more base in Mr. Haight's collection. There is plenty of abuse of myself, mixed with lies that rival in the wondrousness of their wickedness Judge Robertson's thousand horse-power of brag—plenty of profound argument to prove that Judge Blair ought not to regard your rights and wishes—the safety of the mails or the morals of the community, for the reason that I am an Abolitionist.

While the personal abuse made me smile, Mr. Tompkins's letter moved me, I confess, very differently. In the most personal controversies that have embittered American politics, a lingering sense of decency has usually forbidden insults to the memory of the dead, and I had not supposed it possible that any person who had for more than thirty years known my father—known him on the bench in his dignity and purity—known him in his home the soul of gentleness and hospitality; I had not supposed it possible that any man who had thus known him, still less a member of the Westchester Bar, could stoop to fling his sneers over the grave of Judge Jay, and strive to deprive his neighbors of the postmaster of their choice on the ground that the Jay Homestead was and is—as I trust it will always remain till the last bondman has dropped his fetters—a resting-place for the fugitive from slavery.

Resolutions were adopted unanimously disapproving of the conduct of Judge Robertson, Mr. Edward Haight and Hon. Montgomery Blair, for their respective conduct in the matter.

Judge Blair's behavior was regarded as the more extraordinary as exhibiting a deliberate contempt for the President who had endorsed this note on the petition of the women of Katonah:

"I am impressed with the belief that there should be no change of Postmaster in the case named herein, and especially if it be true, as stated, that by a change the office is to go to a place where liquor is regularly sold."

One resolution declared:

"That the first results of the policy thus adopted by the Post-office Department in encouraging the liquor interest and strengthening the pro-slavery democracy, were exhibited in the fearful increase of drunkenness at the town election at Bedford, on the 25th inst., and the defeat of the Republican candidate for Supervisor by a Buchanan Democrat nominated by a coalition under the name of Union."

A Committee of five were appointed to memorialize Congress, and ask them to enact that no post-office shall be kept in a liquor-shop, nor any liquor-dealer appointed postmaster. And the opinion was confidently expressed that the sentiment of the country on this point would entirely correspond with that so strongly expressed by Mr. Lincoln.

ADMONITION FROM ENGLAND.

WARRINGTON, Eng., March 15th, 1862.

*To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Stand

to see how great a tissue of lies has been woven for *The Herald* out of this insignificant affair. It staggers one's faith in all newspaper correspondence, and shows most plainly where the sympathies of that wicked journal lie.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1862.

ONE of the most infamous sentences ever uttered in Congress was spoken a few days ago by Mr. Cox of Ohio, when alluding to the recent most disgraceful mob in Cincinnati. I don't know how Mr. Cox permitted his language to go into *The Globe*, for members have a way of softening what they say in the House, and frequently obliterating whole sentences by the time that their speeches are printed. But in the debate on taxing circuses Mr. Cox let off a volley of filthy wit respecting Wendell Phillips, eggs, and the Cincinnati Opera House, remarking respecting the riot at the Opera House, that "*it was the best performance* I have ever heard of within its walls." Now, to understand the depth of degradation to which Cox plunged, you must know a little about the man and his previous history. He is not one of the ignorant, brutal men who often represent the Democratic party in Congress, but is a man of education, wit, and a good deal of ability. He is an author, having written a book of Travels in Europe, in which he describes at length a scene in St. Peter's, where he heard a colored clergyman preach, descanting upon the singular prejudices against color in this country. It was this man who deliberately, in his place in the House of Representatives, gave his approval of the infamous riot, or mob, at Cincinnati. He would have been severely reprimanded on the spot, but his offensive remarks were not heard by many Republicans present. One has but to look at this instance of Democratic barbarism to see the effects of slavery upon the people of the North, even after one year of a hideous rebellion against the government. These Northern Democrats stick to the institution of slavery as if their lives and fortunes depended upon its continued existence, and this is about the truth of the case. They hope for a new lease of political life through slavery and the discussion of the slavery question. Already the Democratic leaders in Congress have had a secret caucus to reorganize their broken-down party, and it is a significant fact, that such traitors as Vallandigham and Pendleton are at the bottom of the scheme. If we are to have a restored Union, depend upon it, these fellows will come to the surface again, joining hands with the rebels, unless slavery is destroyed by the war. The new movement is generally laughed at here, but do you notice how the Democrats are very generally gaining ground in the recent municipal and even State elections, as well as the pro-slavery mobs? If the Administration had a bold, manly policy on this subject, the Democrats would be driven to the wall, and would perish. But such is the uncertain position of the Administration that half the Democrats in Congress contend that in making war upon the "anti-slavery agitators," they are supporting Mr. Lincoln and his Administration.

It has been urged upon me by some very trust-worthy Republicans that I have not been charitable enough in my criticisms in this correspondence upon the Administration, and that facts will eventually show that my speculations for the future were not sufficiently hopeful. I would avoid such a mistake if possible, for it is *always* best to look upon the bright side of things. If the President stands firm on the question of emancipation in this district—if the Republicans do the same, and the bill passes into a law without any important amendments, then the anti-slavery people of the country will have received convincing proof that the Administration is true on this question.

The conservatives are making a tremendous effort to *amend* the emancipation bill to death in the Senate and House, and, failing in that, to procure a Presidential veto. The pressure brought to bear upon the President is tremendous. Here is a specimen of the tactics of the conservatives in their newspaper articles:

"Not much public comment seems to have been made upon the fact that the proposition for a small appropriation for colonizing in Hayti, etc., such liberated slaves of this District as may desire that disposal, has been defeated in the Senate by the casting vote of the Vice-President. The matter is interesting because Mr. Lincoln is on the record for colonizing, and because it is an important point with *all white men* (not a few slaveholders alone) whether *they* are to be benefitted by throwing large bodies of slaves upon the community in the character of freemen. This phase of Abolitionism, which now refuses to *pay for colonizing* a few slaves, will after a while be followed up in Congress by a refusal to pay *anything to owners of slaves*, or for educating them or supporting disabled ones. Such *economists* as Mr. Hamlin see very clearly that, as the people of the North, through legislative bodies, are prohibiting the ingress of negroes there, so the same people will ultimately oppose any party that taxes them to emancipate slaves anywhere. The gulf between Mr. Lincoln and the rabid Republican element is getting to be wide and deep. The former has the moral support of the Dutch government, which, in emancipating, *with compensation*, slaves in its West India possessions, also grants *three millions of guilders for migration purposes.*"

In accordance with the plan of the conservatives the new Senator from Indiana, Mr. Wright, has offered a new emancipation bill. One of its friends describes it as follows:

"The bill introduced in the Senate to-day by Mr. Wright, of Indiana, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, is very different in its character from the bill now pending entitled "An act to relieve certain persons held to service or labor in the District of Columbia." While the latter would work immediate and entire emancipation of slaves, Mr. Wright's bill would make it gradual, by rendering the freeing of present slaves by masters optional at fair remuneration, and providing in effect that no more slaves be allowed to come into the District from other points—and making at the same time provision in regard to the children hereafter born. The bill declares "no person not now within the District, nor now owned by any person or persons now resident within it, nor hereafter born within it," shall ever be held in slavery, either within or without the District—though officers of the government from the slaveholding States may, during residence in the District on public business, bring and hold such servants as may be necessary for their own and family's use, without impairing title to them. All children born of slave mothers within the District after (blank date) in 1862, shall be free, but shall be reasonably supported and educated by the respective owners of their mothers, or by their heirs or representatives, and shall serve reasonable service as apprentices thereto in return, until 21 years of age, when the authorities of Washington and Georgetown are to see to it that this provision is complied with on both sides. Owners of slaves may receive from the public treasury the full value of any slaves they may choose to set free, the President, Secretary of State, and Secretary of the Treasury being a board to determine the value. The bill is to be submitted to the vote of the people, and if adopted the President is to make proclamation of the same, when the law will go into effect, and not before."

The real test is to come in this shape. If the President is persuaded to veto any bill not providing for *gradual* emancipation, or a reference of the subject to the people of the District, or if the conservative Republicans support Mr. Wright's bill, then it is very doubtful if any emancipation bill will pass, or whether the Republican Administration is any better than the one it succeeds.

Mr. Sumner will speak to-day (it is expected) upon the Morrill bill. He will heartily support it. In the House, the Committee on the District of Columbia have agreed to report the same measure. It is to be hoped that Senators will soon agree not to discuss the bill any longer, but to force a vote on it. What we want now is *emancipation*, and not emancipation-speeches. For every speech made in favor of the bill be sure that its enemies will make two or three in reply; hence if Republican Senators will talk up the bill, pro-slavery Senators will talk it down, and it will take two or three or four months to reach a vote upon the subject. A little more dispatch of business in Senate and House would suit the country better, and would give Republicanism a better name. The most important business of the session *has not yet been voted upon*, and Congress has been in session four months. Certainly this emancipation bill for the District should not occupy more time, but should at once be passed into a law.

Gen. McClellan is taking his ease in his new movements of the Potomac army. His friends say that he will enter Richmond within a month, and he probably will do so, but he has *not yet* shown great generalship His enemies say he is totally incompetent. His friends say that he is the greatest General living: How shall you strike the difference between these estimates of character? Everything is staked upon the next grand battle in Eastern Virginia. It will take place within fifty miles of Richmond—there can be no doubt of this. The rebels are tolerably confident of soon achieving a victory over us—that the tide will change, and that *then* we shall give way and agree to a separation. The expenses of the government are enormous, and some of our Republican friends are very fond of improving the present opportunity to better their fortunes—as the Investigating Committees testify. This remark applies, I am happy to say, to but few Republicans, but it is to be hoped that even these few will find no defenders in Congress.

Some of the conservative members of Congress are taking a new tack against the anti-slavery measures of the majority. It is hinted in the Senate that more than one Senator is "setting his cap" for a seat on the Supreme bench. Pro-slavery Republicanism is considered exactly the thing for that bench, and at least half a dozen Senators possess the qualification! I might give you a list of these candidates—and if I were to do so, you could hardly fail of being struck with the fact that every one of these Senators is making a great ado over a variety of propositions to modify every anti-slavery measure now before Congress—but I will not for the present. In my next I hope to chronicle the passage of the emancipation bill, and if such is the fact, I shall not be in a critical mood.

AVON.

THE PRICE OF LOYALTY IN TENNESSEE.

It is known to our readers that, after the expulsion of the rebel army from Western Tennessee, the Hon. Andrew Johnson, U. S. Senator from that State, was sent to Nashville, under appointment of the President, as Military Governor, charged with the duty of forcing or winning the people back to their allegiance and organizing a loyal State government. He was accompanied by the Hon. Emerson Etheridge, another eminent citizen of the State, and who now holds the office of Clerk of the U. S. House of Representatives; also by the Hon. Horace Maynard, for many years prominently connected with the politics of Tennessee. Every friend of freedom will desire to be accurately informed as to the course of Gov. Johnson in respect to slavery, the root and cause of the rebellion, especially because that course must be regarded as reflecting the policy of the President in his efforts to restore the Union. It is our purpose now to give our readers the desired information on this point.

Soon after reaching Nashville, the Governor General issued an address to the people of Tennessee, in which, after reciting the history of the rebellion and of the efforts to put it down, he says:

"I have been appointed, in the absence of the regular and established State authorities, as Military Governor for the time being, to preserve the public property of the State, to give the protection of law actively enforced to her citizens, and, as speedily as may be, to restore her government to the same condition as before the existing rebellion. In this grateful but arduous undertaking, I shall avail myself of all the aid that may be afforded by my fellow-citizens; and for this purpose I respectfully but earnestly invite all the people of Tennessee, desirous or willing to see a restoration of her ancient government, without distinction of party affiliations or past political opinions or action, to unite with me, by counsel and cooperative agency, to accomplish this great end. I find most, if not all, of the offices, both State and Federal, vacated either by actual abandonment or by the action of the incumbents, in attempting to subordinate their functions to a power in hostility to the fundamental law of the State, and subversive of her national allegiance. These offices must be filled temporarily, until the State shall be restored so far to its accustomed quiet, that the people can peaceably assemble at the ballot-box and select agents of their own choice. Otherwise anarchy would prevail, and no man's life or property would be safe from the desperate and unprincipled. I shall, therefore, as early as practicable, designate for various positions under the State and County governments, from among my fellow-citizens, persons of probity and intelligence, and bearing true allegiance to the Constitution and government of the United States, who will execute the functions of their respective offices, until their places can be filled by the action of the people. Their authority, when their appointments shall have been made, will be accordingly respected and observed. To the people themselves, the protection of the government is extended. All their rights will be duly respected, and their wrongs redressed when made known. Those who, through the dark and weary night of the rebellion, have maintained their allegiance to the Federal government, will be honored. The erring and misguided will be welcomed on their return. And while it may become necessary, in vindicating the violated majesty of the law and in reasserting its imperial sway, to punish intelligent and conscious treason in high places, no merely retaliatory or vindictive policy will be adopted. To those, especially, who, in a private, unofficial capacity, have assumed an attitude of hostility to the government, a full and complete amnesty for all past acts and declarations is offered, upon the one condition of their again yielding themselves peaceful citizens to the just supremacy of the laws. This I advise them to do for their own good, and for the peace and welfare of our beloved State, endeared to me by the associations of long and active years, and by the enjoyment of her highest honors."

Slavery, it will be observed, is not mentioned; but in declaring it to be his purpose "*to restore the government to the same condition as before the existing rebellion,*" the Governor General means no doubt to assure the slaveholders of Tennessee that they shall have protection under the United States flag in their business of breeding, buying and selling, working and flogging slaves! If there were any room for doubt on this point, it would be removed by the speeches which Governor Johnson has made since his arrival in Nashville. On Saturday, March 22d, he addressed a crowded assembly in the Hall of the House of Representatives, explaining at length his views and purposes. The following extracts from the Nashville *Patriot's* report of his address reveal his policy in relation to slavery:

"What right of the South has been denied? what privilege withheld? what prerogative lost, under the Constitution and laws of the United States? What one? Can you tell? Can you point it out? Can you take the Constitution, and call attention to any right there guaranteed which you have lost? Can you see it—smell it—taste it—feel it? You may tax all your faculties, and cannot tell what right has been lost. What excuse, then, is there for all this turmoil of war? What has the South lost, under the Constitution, that palladium of our liberties, framed by the patriot fathers of another century? Slavery is the reply. Where has the institution of slavery been invaded? Can any one tell? . . . . What rights have they [the secessionists] lost? Can they tell? I point them to the Territorial bills and amendment. There is a party in existence who want dissolution and a Southern Confederacy. Slavery is the hobby. Sumner wants the government broke. Abolitionists hold that if slavery survives, the Union cannot endure. Secessionists argue that if the Union continues, slavery is lost. Abolitionists want no compromise; but they regard peaceable secession as a humbug. The two occupy the same ground. Why? Abolition is dissolution; dissolution is secession; one the other. Both are striving to accomplish the same object. One thinks it will destroy, the other save slavery."

"In justice to the free States, let me tell you that they are prosecuting this war upon no other principle than the maintenance of the Constitution, and the preservation of the Union. I know what I speak—have been in the free States. They wish you to submit to law. They come in the name of the Constitution, and when obedience is yielded, war will be at an end. When this is so, I welcome the Union hosts as patriots and saviors. I know what they come for—no other purpose than to reëstablish the authority of the government, and to reinstate the glorious symbol of Liberty beneath which our fathers marched to battle, that we might have a government worth maintaining.

"It is very easy to talk about Lincolnites. I have shown you who they are. Go through their regiments, and your inquiries will be answered so as to set at rest all doubt. I have repeatedly asked them if the war was being directed to the institution of slavery. Their reply has always been, 'We've got more niggers at home than we want; d—n the niggers. When we have established the rightful power of the government, we mean to return to our homes and to our avocations.'

"It is my honest conviction that *the only security for the institution of slavery is in preserving the Constitution. If you want to enjoy your slave property unmolested, seek to restore the protection of the government. . . . I have no hesitancy in assuring you that slavery can only be preserved by adherence to the United States and obedience to its laws.*"

So much for Gov. Johnson. What says Mr. Etheridge? We quote from a speech made by him at Nashville March 18th:

"Where is the intelligent man—where is the Tennesseean—who can come forward with a decent argument for secession? No one. No, sirs; there is no argument for it, because there never was any cause for it. The South had always obtained all she asked from Congress, and would have continued to do so had not South Carolina seceded. Northern money and votes bought Louisiana, Florida and Texas; and California was acquired to satisfy the South and not the Northern States. The South never asked anything from the United States government which she did not obtain, and never protested against the passage of any act without effect. I challenge the world for a denial. No, my friends, it is folly to deny facts; and I reiterate that you must thank the votes of the North for the acquisition to the South of the territory of Louisiana, out of which several States have been formed. Five millions were paid for Florida, to say nothing of the cost of the Indian wars; and Texas, a whole empire in itself, was also attached to the Southern States at the expense of Northern treasure and Northern blood. Recollect the fact that Northern votes were the means of giving to the country its Fugitive Slave laws, and that the Northern representatives, although they had strenuously opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, acquiesced with the South in the ill-timed repeal. . . . If the North had passed so-called Personal Liberty bills, they had in no single instance been productive of injury or oppression; no man was ever tried or punished by their provisions. . . . Mr. E. here desired to tell the people of Nashville a plain truth—you have got to live in the Union, with your negroes if you will, without them if you must. The Union is worth more than all the secessionists and negroes in the world. At the beginning of this rebellion, President Lincoln asked you to lay down your arms. You refused. He called for seventy-five thousand men to enforce the laws, and contrary to the Constitution, you force an alliance with the traitor. In alluding to slavery, he said it had disappeared from Europe, and was in this country more easily defended as a permissive than an aggressive thing. The government has never attacked the institutions of the South, and these institutions must not be made the pretext for overthrowing the government. Let the Union survive though slavery perish! . . . . He implored the people of Tennessee, in the name of God and of religion, to return to their allegiance. *You can return now, if you will, with your peculiar institution unimpaired.* I now beseech you by all you hold sacred, to return to your loyalty, and to assist in upholding the integrity of the Constitution. I am a slaveholder and a friend and citizen of the South, and am jealous of all attempts at the destruction of her institutions, but I would sacrifice all I have to uphold the Union of these States. Deluded men! let me tell you again that the government will maintain its authority. The great question now is, will you return? I am for the war going on forever until the rebellion is subdued. . . . The poison of secession has got into the Churches, and wretches who cannot speak in as good English as the negro waiters at the Saint Cloud—thick headed greasers, who, in a pulpit, talk of divine inspiration, as if anything could inspire them but a bellyfull of beef—are aiding the rebellion. God commands us to respect the powers that be. They rebel against the laws of God and Tennessee. He would notify all such that in preaching rebellion they violated the laws of both God and man. They invoked Christ in vain to justify treason; and when they represented Him as the champion of negro slavery they exhibited their ignorance. True, He never preached to a free State audience, for in that age it was almost impossible to find one; but in all the countries in Europe and Asia in which a free press was now found, and particularly in those He visited, slavery, from some cause, had disappeared. He told the servants to obey their masters, and in regard to monarchical Cæsar He said, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' His advice was to obey the laws. To all these treasonable Onderdonkers he would say that the same Saviour who told the servants to obey their masters instructed them to reverence 'the powers that be.' Such preachers had as well command slaves to cut their masters' throats as to command the masters to murder each other in resisting the laws which all Christians were bound to obey. Such preachers would be found ready for anything when they felt it both safe and profitable. . . . Speaking of the Confiscation bill before Congress, he said there was time even yet to prevent its passage; *if the South would send her representatives, as the opponents of the measure, it would then have a majority in both Houses.* . . . I have occasionally heard a sneaking disunionist, before and since the war, say that 'our rights have been molested.' No man can make such a remark without uttering a falsehood. Let me ask you, did any of the living ex-Presidents ever interfere with the institutions of the South? No, sirs, the government has done no such thing. But the government must interfere with this rebellion, and crush it, too, without regard to any interest which stands in its way. We have the army, the navy, the money, and the true cause. Congress will not declare freedom to the slave, but will maintain the Constitution at every hazard. . . . Shakspeare says 'What's in a name?' I differ with the immortal bard upon that point, and question whether a Burr in this neighborhood would name a child Aaron; no, neither would an Arnold name a child Benedict. I am not superstitious, gentlemen, but allow me to tell you that I shall always steer clear of the initials 'J. B.' J. B. indicates John Breckinridge; J. B. stands for James Buchanan; J. B. suggests Judah Benjamin; J. B. stands for John Bell; and, without intending to be offensive, I will remind you that J. B. stands for John Brown."

Mr. Maynard talked in a similar strain. We quote:

"Resolutions, declaring that government has no right to interfere with slavery, were passed in the House of Representatives by large majorities. The three new Territories—Dakota, Nevada and Colorado—were acquired with provisions that every species of property should be protected alike. Then, what pretext had these rebel chiefs to renounce the government that sought only to promote the political, social and religious happiness of its widely-scattered children? . . . He argued that *the rights of the South were safe only under the Constitution*, illustrated the disadvantages to Southern rights if secession was successful."

Thus it is clear that the safety of slavery under the U. S. Constitution is one of the main arguments by which Gov. Johnson and his associates are seeking to bring the people of Tennessee back into the Union. We certainty hope that appeals based on such immoral grounds will prove ineffectual, and that the State will ultimately be brought into a loyal condition by the destruction of the system which is the only cause of her treason.

The Nashville correspondent of *The Tribune*, alluding to the speeches from which we have quoted above, says:

"I entertain no great expectation as to the amount of good likely to be done by this mode of Union agitation. In the first place, the secession sentiments of the majority of this community are yet so strong and so firmly upheld by the unshaken belief of most in the ultimate success of the rebels, that loyal speeches to them have no more effect than talking to the winds. To act upon the presumption that they became traitors unknowingly is absurd. And even if they had, the bitterness of feeling produced by the humiliation of defeat and subjugation is so great as to render them still deaf to [illegible] reasoning. It is easy to make speeches, but difficult to make people so prejudiced as the secessionists of this vicinity come and listen to them. Again, I am satisfied that few loyal men from the North would approve of the manner in which both Etheridge and Maynard have endeavored to influence the convictions of the supposed rebel portion of their audience. They addressed themselves principally to the baser instead of the higher impulses of their nature. They appealed to their selfishness, by endeavoring to prove that the institution of slavery was safer in the Union than out of it, and their material interest dictated to them a return to their allegiance. It may be, that the two speakers rightly supposed this to be the only way to reach people utterly demoralized and deprived of nobler instincts by secessionism. But I doubt whether the conclusion logically drawn from their argument, viz: that the war is waged by the North for the preservation of slavery, will be much relished south of the river. Nor need they flatter themselves that the secessionists of the South do not know the vast spread of anti-slavery sentiments throughout the loyal States, since the outbreak of the rebellion. The message of the President upon the emancipation question, the prohibition of the return of fugitive slaves by the army, the virtual liberation from servitude of the tens of thousands of contrabands, under the auspices of the Federal government, the proposed abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia—are all stubborn facts, ominously indicative of the downfall of slavery, and more potent in forming the convictions of the secessionists than all the antiquated arguments in place before, but entirely out of place after the rebellion, in futile proof of the greater security of slavery in the Union. *Fear and force* will soon be found to be the only means of making rebels submit to Federal authority at this early stage of their subjugation by those mistaken pacificators. The few unconditional loyalists of Nashville, as well as the whole army here, have been chagrined to mortification at the inexplicable leniency of the treatment extended by Gen. Buell, even to the leaders of rebellion. No one, of course, expects him to hold every one who has been guilty of treason responsible for the past. But that the Mayor of the city, who has been from the start one of the most relentless of rebels, and has done all in his power to help the cause of the Confederates, is not only allowed to continue in authority, but treated with deference by the commander-in chief; that members of the military board of the State are permitted to walk the streets and sow disaffection and hostility to the Union troops; that soldiers are punished for resenting insults offered to them by secessionists in the streets, excites the indignation of all. What little effect all forbearance and kindness have upon rebels, is amply demonstrated by John Bell's response to Buell's invitation to return and assure him of protection, viz: a violent harrangue at Huntsville, and urging Tennesseeans never to submit to Union rule. Perhaps it will somewhat change the kid-gloved handling of rebels the General-in-chief has so far religiously observed. Next to the secession press, the rebel Churches of the South have made the most powerful propaganda for treason. Nashville has been preëminently cursed with bitter clerical agitators. I have yet to learn of a single loyal expounder of the Gospel. The rebel prints have been made to present loyal appearances at least. How can the flow of treason from religious sources be stopped? It is true no preachers now dare to avow their sympathies with the rebellion publicly from the pulpit; but it is well known that out of it they still foster treason among their sympathizing flocks. As long as disloyalty is represented to these as a duty to God, how can a change of sentiment be expected? To overcome the influence of the rebellious Church will be a much more difficult task than the defeat of the Rebel armies."

The correspondent of *The World* writes:

"I will record no self-confident declaration or prophecies. 'Twill be the wiser for all of us to watch and wait. Things here, to my unlettered eyes, look a little critical. Other correspondents may have a lamp by which their feet are guided, which I do not possess. They may deal in assertions and prophecies that are not becoming the more cautious. 'Twill be vastly safer and more agreeable for me to be the careful historian than the dashing prophet. I have been in Nashville more than a fortnight, conversing during that time, I think, with every class of her citizens, and as I live, I cannot tell whether there are twenty-five or twenty-five hundred loyal people in her population. There is a good deal of molasses and water loyalty here—and loyalty with an ugly 'but' end. The crisis hastens. Events thicken. Another turn of the stupendous kaleidoscope and the most familiar objects assume a wilder strange; the most startling, common-place occurrence I pry into, with my eye of inquisitive curiosity, this malady of secession, the more am I confounded by its problems and enigmas. Old time U[illegible] clock through with it from hair to heel, the most recently reached by it are sometimes its most furious victims, sometimes the most penitent. Some seem unwillingly under its spell, and some have resisted it to this hour. How many of each? Who are the sincere, the suppressed, the steadfast? These are questions which some may have an arithmetical answer for. I have the frankness to confess that I have not."

The same writer, in a more recent letter, gives a version of Mr. Etheridge's speech altogether more anti-slavery than that of the Nashville *Patriot*. We quote:

"The huge thing of the speech was its declaration, in this proud slave Capital, that whenever the question arose, the Constitution or slavery, slavery must go down—that every negro would be liberated. He declared emphatically that slavery would never be allowed to embarrass the United States government, or to protract the war.

"These sentiments were announced explicitly and emphatically, and were received with as much enthusiasm as they could have been in Boston. I turned to a gentleman by my side with the old remark, 'the world moves.' And it does.

"Mr. Etheridge said also that this war had made more Abolitionists than all the thirty years of anti-slavery agitation, and that slavery could never have the security it once had in this country. With the whole civilized world against it, the government of the United States had sheltered and protected it.

"He said slavery was much more easily defended as a *permissive* than as an aggressive thing. You have got to live in the Union with your slaves if you will, without them if you must.

"He specified the nations of the earth that had abolished it. He proved it an outlaw. These points were put and pressed with fine force and frankness—with a frankness that amazed me, accustomed as I have been to the public reserve and caution on this question of questions in the South country, during all my life.

"Make a note of this. Tell it in Gath. Publish it in the streets of Askelon. Let the historian take a memorandum of it.

"Etheridge is a slaveholder. So are hundreds of others in this State who breathe freely and talk frankly on this importunate Banquo's ghost of negro bondage. This war is working revivals. It is the John the Baptist crying in the wilderness of the United States: *Repent, return, reflect,* for the kingdom of Columbia is at hand.'

"Indeed, and indeed only just now does it begin to dawn on me what this war is accomplishing. It is ripping up the roots of an old civilization and planting a new. These men of the hard hand and brown brow are not trampling this territory with their eyes shut. Zounds, what a land to live in, says one, to get rich in, says another. I'll never go back, says a third. War only could pour into the South the visitors that her welfare needed. Five hundred thousand will come for pain now to five that *could* come for pleasure yesterday. War only, and this frightful form of it, could make slavery stand in the powerful presence of freedom—searched by its keen eye, felt by its firm hand, dissected by its cold economy.

"O institution patriarchal and peculiar! What a suicide stupendous thou art ruling to the death with. The far off murmur of philanthropy and ethics is changing to the sneer and curse of selfishness right at hand, hissing from the lips of 'grim visaged war.'

"If this war is protracted, exclaimed Mr. Etheridge, then confiscation and emancipation! And slaveholders shook him by the hand afterward and said amen. I have heard and seen enough here to convince me that Tennessee is beyond any Border State on the slavery question, unless it be Delaware. I have been told by large slave-owners that they would be mightily glad to get rid of the institution. They spoke in praise of President Lincoln's late message. They are in favor of its experiment. One gentleman said: 'I was born among slaves; I was nursed by them, brought up with them, have always owned them; but I confess to you that I am thoroughly sick of the whole institution. When this army came I called my negroes together, and said: "If you have any notion of leaving me I have only one request to make; leave me altogether and forever; stop nowhere within my reach. If you turn up around here I'll take you back and flog you; if you get out of my sight I'll not stir a step after you."' Sir,' he continued, 'the owner is the slave in the Border States. Free white labor is the best for all concerned.'

"Upon expressing my surprise at such sentiments, I was told they were nothing unusual in this State."

There is much in these extracts that invites comment, but want of space restrains us. We will only add that we shall watch the progress of Gov. Johnson's experiment of buying loyalty by promises of protection to slavery with the interest due to the importance of the issues involved.

WENDELL PHILLIPS IN HARRISBURG.

MR. PHILLIPS, on his way westward from Philadelphia, fulfilled an engagement to lecture on the war at the Capital of the Keystone State. *The Patriot and Union*, the Harrisburg organ of the pro-slavery Democracy, made a most infamous attack on him, as well as on the Hutchinson Family, who were there at the same time. It was embellished by the usual number of "Democratic" falsehoods and the usual appeals to bar-shop and bar-room prejudice, all for the purpose of preventing a candid and unprejudiced hearing. The only effect was to advertise the lecture. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* says:

"The announcement that Wendell Phillips would lecture in Brant's Hall last evening, drew together a very large audience. Before the lecturer appeared on the stage, the audience were entertained by the Hutchinson Family, with several of their most patriotic songs. Mr. Phillips was then introduced by Senator Irish, when he at once proceeded to the discussion of his subject, *The War.* This was done in a masterly and unequivocal manner, and in a style of sentiment and language, which no man (unless it be a notorious pro-slavery adherent) who heard him, could take exception. He traced effects to causes, leaving his audience to judge their merits for themselves. Whatever Mr. Phillips may have uttered in other localities, and however radical he may have been heretofore in his opposition to slavery and his denunciation of the Constitution, his lecture last evening proved at least that he now regards our difficulties with the mind and estimation of a statesman, and proposes to meet them, with a practical good sense and influence, and not with theories and party platforms. So far as the subject of slavery was concerned, that, in his opinion, needed no agitation. Its doom was proclaimed in its own position; and its end, with the fearful enormities of which it had been the author, would be to go down into darkness and disgrace. How soon the end would come, was not for him to estimate. It might be five years, ten years, or even twenty years. The time was immaterial. The fact was sufficient that it could not be perpetuated; hence the object of the rebellion had failed, and hence, too, the advocates of freedom were satisfied. The lecturer endorsed the policy of the Administration on the subject of emancipation—he endorsed its military operations, and drew a vivid picture as a comparison between the military resources and business interests of the free and slave States. By these arguments he disappointed more than those who had gone to hear his lecture for the purpose of being dissatisfied, and delighted others who feared that his burning zeal, so often aroused to furious efforts by the vindictive persecution of the doughfaces of the North, would lead him into expressions which might wound the delicate feelings of some of the fastidious sticklers for those constructions and compromises of the Constitution, which the Slave Power heretofore wrung from the intimidated legislators of the nation.

"We repeat, that the lecture of Mr. Phillips last evening, was in all respects an argument such as could and did not fail to have the happiest effects, and wherever it is repeated in the same strain and spirit, Mr. Phillips will not only contribute to the success of justice and order, but he will cleanse himself of much of that odium which it is unnecessary to deny now attaches to his name."

NOTE FROM MRS. MARTINEAU.

March 14th, 1862.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT is probably unnecessary, though it may be best, to answer S. M.'s appeal on the matter of shotted guns. He is, no doubt, aware by this time that he has mistaken the point of the case, and cited an instance which tells on the other side. It is as a summons that a shotted gun is a violation of usage and courtesy. The rule of the naval service of all civilized nations is to summon a vessel by a blank discharge, and if it fails, to fire a shot. This the Grecian is shown to have done; and she was therefore in rule. Capt. Wilkes accosted a mail-packet by a shot, and followed it by a shell.

One other of many mistakes which have appeared in THE STANDARD in connection with the Trent affair seems to require notice, viz., the assertion that "thousands of American seamen have been taken from their decks by British commanders." According to the Report of the Legislature of Massachusetts on this subject (1813) the whole number was twelve, of whom eleven were returned.

H. M.

SOLD AND GONE!—Capt. Godon, who was sent by Commodore Dupont on an expedition to Darien, Ga., says in his report: "All the blacks have been removed from St. Simon Island, and at Doboy we met the only negro seen, who was old and alone on the place. He had been the father of thirteen children, but he informed me that every one had been sold as they reached about 18 years of age, and as he graphically expressed it, '*For pocket-money for my master.*'"

A WORD OF CHEER.—A subscriber in Oswego County, in a letter enclosing payment of his dues, says: "I take three dailies and several weeklies, and THE STANDARD is the best of the lot. God grant that it may outlast the infernal institution it has battled against." Will not all our readers say amen?

PERSONAL.

Bayard Taylor has received and accepted the appointment of Secretary of Legation to St. Petersburgh — the new Minister, Simon Cameron. His qualifications for the post are admitted even by his political opponents; and if Mr. Cameron, after holding the post of Minister for a time, should resign, it is not unlikely that Mr. Taylor may be his successor.

Charles A. Dana has retired from the editorial staff of *The Tribune*, vacating a post which he has filled with signal ability for many years. Difference of opinion between himself and the owners of the paper as to the manner in which it should be conducted is understood to have been the cause of his withdrawal. Mr. Greeley remains at his post as Editor-in-chief, Sydney Howard Gay being his principal assistant.

We regret to learn that Mr. Conway, member of Congress from Kansas, is seriously ill. The friends of freedom will be very solicitous for his speedy recovery. His absence from the House at this time is to be deeply regretted.

Gerrit Smith, in a private letter to us, says: "About the best writing on the War which I have seen is the extract you printed from Mary Grew's Report; and about the best speaking on it is the extract in your last number from Wm. Morris Davis's speech."

"Parson Brownlow," of Tennessee, whose bold resistance to the Rebellion has earned for him the respect of many to whom his coarseness as a writer and his pro-slavery sentiments are alike distasteful, is about to publish a narrative of his sufferings at the hands of the traitors. The book will be published by Mr. Childs of Philadelphia, and at the request of the Parson a copy will be given to the editor of every newspaper in the country, so that they can see what it costs to be loyal in secessiondom.

Rev. H. Mattison of this city, who was at Centreville, Va., on the 26th and 27th ult., in company with his son and a Mr. Watkins of this State, says: "I examined and took diagrams of four of the six small forts at that place; and in other of those forts I examined and counted eleven 'Quaker guns,' or wooden cannon; and, as Caleb and Joshua brought back a cluster of grapes with them from the Land of Canaan, to illustrate what they affirmed of the country, so I secured one of the veritable 'Quaker guns' in dispute, entire, and it is now on the way to this city."

The following extract of a private letter from London, appeared in *The Tribune* a few days ago:

"A curious incident occurred the other night during the debate in the Commons on the American blockade. When Mr. Lindsay, in the course of his speech, made some remarks not complimentary to Mr. Seward, they were received with some applause in one part of the House, as was natural enough; but a member on the non-applausive benches was a little surprised to hear an isolated loud exclamation of approval. Turning instantly he *saw* that it proceeded from an excited gentleman in the gallery. On inquiry, he learned that the excited claquer of Mr. Lindsay was Mr. Mason, commissioner-in-waiting of the Confounded States of America. That a foreigner admitted to the House by courtesy should so far have forgotten the decencies and proprieties, has excited not more surprise than indignation among the members, as the story spreads. But, I guess the gross impropriety of his rowdyism will be overlooked, if we suffer Jeff. Davis to remain at Richmond. A few more victories on our part, and he will doubtless retire of his own accord, to 'hide his diminished *cheek.*' That so old and practiced a parliamentarian and man of the world should have exploded his delight over so small a piece of comfort as a little disrespect to Mr. Seward, seems to prove anything but his calm confidence in Providence and things. As a perusal of the report of the debate, however, will show you, if poor Mason was to applaud at all, the opportunity he seized, slight as it was, was the best one of the evening."

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IN EUROPE.—President Lincoln's emancipation message had attracted much attention in England. There is little time yet for comment.

The Liverpool *Post* says there can be no doubt it will have an incalculable effect in Europe, and *that effect will be most favorable to the Northern cause.*

The London *Times*, in an editorial on the subject, says:

"It is the most important news since the split. The President's avowed object is to recover to the Union the Border States. The proposition is important, not for its intrinsic likelihood of acceptance, but simply because it is a proposition, and is the first bid made toward putting an end to the war. We may hope others may follow, and that the North may gradually rise in its offers until something acceptable has been put forth. The only reply of the South to President Lincoln has been a resolution of the Confederate House of Representatives to burn all the cotton and tobacco that may be in danger of falling into the hands of the invaders. In every point of view the proposal of the President gives great scope for speculation, and perhaps some glimpse of hope; but it is for what it may herald, and not for what it is."

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.—In anticipation of the official announcement, we may very properly state, that the Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the Church of the Puritans, New York, on Tuesday morning, May 6th. A public meeting will also be held on Tuesday evening at the Cooper Institute. Meetings for business in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans on Tuesday p.m. and Wednesday a.m. Meeting of the City Anti-Slavery society at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening.

REV. MONCURE D. CONWAY of Cincinnati, O., formerly of Washington, D. C., will deliver a free Lecture on Wednesday, the 9th inst., at 8 o'clock, at the Headquarters of the Sixteenth Ward Republican Association, No. 245 Eighth Avenue, near 23d street, being one of the series of people's free lectures. His theme is: "*Common Errors concerning our National affairs.*" Seats reserved for ladies—all will be made welcome.

Chronicles of the War.

From Island No. Ten.

The operations on Island No. 10 have now continued two weeks and a half, with very trifling results. It would seem that the brave Com. Foote's stout gunboats have at last found their match, and that they and the mortar-boats together will hardly be able to drive the rebels out of their holes. The object must undoubtedly be gained by strategy. Movements on both sides of the Mississippi, which should leave the island an isolated advanced post of the rebels, by driving their main forces further South, would force its evacuation as easily as similar ones did that of Columbus; and there is some reason to believe that such may be Gen. Halleck's purpose. It is also suggested that an important rebel force is being prevented from reënforcing the enemy's main body at Corinth, in the North-west corner of Mississippi.

Meanwhile, Gen. Pope, down at New Madrid, has, as some of the accounts say, been cutting a short channel which will enable him to bring down by an inland overflowed route, tugs and boats enough to carry him across the Mississippi, when it is supposed, if the rebels do not evacuate, he will "move at once upon their works."

The Coming Battle.

The next great battle will be at Corinth, Miss., which shall decide, if not the issue of the war, at least the fate of the Mississippi Valley. Corinth is in the extreme north-eastern corner of Mississippi, at the junction of the Mobile and Ohio with the Memphis and Charleston railroads. It is about twenty miles distant from Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee river, where Gen Grant's army is centered. Beauregard commands the rebel army, said to be sixty thousand or seventy thousand strong. Already the pickets of the two armies are within hailing distance of each other. Gen. Grant has a large force—the heroes of Donelson—and the *esprit du corps* is said to be admirable. Three divisions of Gen. Buell's army—Nelson's, Thomas's and McCook's—have probably joined him by this time, as they had at last accounts made half the distance by march from Nashville. When the battle is given, therefore, there will be no great disparity in numbers. We have on our side such names as Grant, Smith, McClernand, Sherman, Thomas, McCook, Nelson, Lew. Wallace and Hurlburt; while the rebels have Beauregard, Polk, Cheatham, etc. A victory at Corinth gives us Memphis (eighty miles distant), for all the fighting men of Memphis have come here to make the last determined effort. Memphis in

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

MANY and many a year ago—
To say how many I scarcely dare—
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
In the wide and open square,
Where, quaint and old and touched with the gold
Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,
And into the church with the crowd we strolled
To see their wonder, the famous Clock.
Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with voices as queer
As any that torture human ear—
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl,
From the coffin shape with its brooding face
That stands on the stair (you know the place),
Saying, "Click, cluck," like an ancient hen,
A-gathering the minutes home again,
To the kitchen knave with its wooden visitor
Dolding, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral;
Never a one so bids you stand
While it deals the minutes with even hand:
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
And some you dote on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth that you can't say nay.

So in we went and stood in the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud,
With sound and symbol, the only tongue
The maker taught it while yet 't was young.
And we saw Saint Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,
And the Twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow;
And strange that iron-legged procession,
And odd to us the whole impression,
As the crowd beneath, in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing.

But I alone thought far in my soul
What a touch of genius was in the whole,
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train;
And much I pondered, if he whose brain
Had builded this clock with labor and pain
Did only think, twelve months there are,
And the Bible twelve will fit to a hair;
Or did he say, with a heart in tune,
Well-loved John is the sign of June,
And changeful Peter hath April hours,
And Paul the stately, October bowers,
And sweet, or faithful, or bold, or strong,
Unto each one shall a month belong.

But beside the thought that under it lurks,
Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their works?

—*Atlantic Monthly for April.*

LESSONS FROM SLAVEHOLDERS.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: It is an eternal truth, apparently little believed, that nations as well as individuals must, sooner or later, suffer the penalties attendant upon neglected duties, or complicity with crime. The FREE STATES of this country are a striking exemplification of this. For years past, they have been sowing seed, of which the present generation are reaping the bitter fruit. They willfully turned a deaf ear to all warnings and remonstrances concerning the ever-growing power of slavery. Politicians, merchants and demagogues, conspired to make the people believe everything the slaveholders said, and disbelieve every statement made by Abolitionists and fugitive slaves. In this way, the most absurd ideas became stereotyped in the popular mind; such, for instance, as the assertion that if human beings received permission to work for wages, they would turn, like wild beasts, and rend the people who bestowed the boon. Even Southerners themselves, if they testified *against* slavery, found but a cold audience at the North, while the Yanceys and the Masons were welcomed to Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill to speak in its defence.

About twenty-five years ago the daughters of Judge Grimké, born and reared in South Carolina, came to the North to reside, because their pure and gentle natures could not endure the abominations and the cruelties of slavery. I well remember my first conversation with them on that subject. The tears were in their eyes, when they spoke of the coldness and indifference of the North on a subject of such vital importance. "If Northerners could only be brought to feel their responsibility!" said Angelina Grimké; "if they could only realize how much depends on the right exertion of their moral influence, I should have hopes for the future of our country. But, alas! when Southerners visit the North, they hear nothing but apologies for their system, and nothing but blame bestowed on those who venture to speak the truth concerning it. So, instead of having their consciences awakened, and their reason enlightened, they go home confirmed in their evil modes of thought and action."

This subject weighed so heavily on the minds of these conscientious sisters, that they felt impelled to testify publicly concerning it. But natural timidity and the refinements of education made them shrink from the task. The struggle between distaste for the work and strong convictions of duty was very severe. From what I saw and heard at the time, I believe they exerted a degree of moral courage equal to that of many a martyr at the stake. But they felt that their evidence ought to carry more than common weight, coming as it did from those who had had life-long opportunities to know whereof they affirmed; and, in view of the false appearances assiduously kept up by the South, they deemed it wrong to withhold their testimony.

I was present in the State House, March, 1838, when Angelina Grimké addressed the members of the Massachusetts Legislature on the subject of slavery. She was a thin, delicate-looking woman, and the arduousness of the effort before her made her extremely pale. She might well be intimidated by the presence of such a throng. The hall, the lobbies, the alleys, the staircases, were all crowded to the utmost. Friends and enemies of slavery were alike curious to hear what a woman would say to the assembled Legislature, and that woman from South Carolina! Her voice was tremulous at first, but became steady as she proceeded. Her tones, without being disagreeably loud, were so penetrative, that she was heard distinctly in every corner of the Hall. There was a mobility of expression, both in her countenance and her voice, which changed from indignation to pathos, ever melting and kindling with the variations of her theme. I remember her distinctly at this moment, as she looked when she said: "I stand before you as a Southerner, exiled from the land of my birth by the sound of the lash, and the piteous cries of the slave. I stand before you as a repentant slaveholder. I stand before you as a moral being, endowed with precious and inalienable rights, which are correlative with solemn duties and high responsibilities; and as a moral being I feel that I owe it to the suffering slave, and to the deluded master, to my country and to the world, to do all in my power to overturn a system of complicated crimes, built upon the broken hearts and prostrate bodies of my countrymen in chains, and cemented by the blood and tears of my sisters in bonds."

"The subject of slavery is fraught with the deepest interest to this republic, whether we consider it in its political, moral, or religious aspects. It is often tauntingly asked, What have women to do with politics? Are we then aliens because we are women? Have we no partnership in our country's guilt and shame? Have we no interest in its welfare? As daughters, wives and mothers, may we not incur fearful liabilities in our country's peril?"

While I am recording these words, uttered with such solemn earnestness twenty-four years ago, the dead body of a soldier is carried past my window to the desolated home of his poor widow; and as I gaze on the sad procession, Miss Grimke's question sounds prophetic. She spoke about two hours. The facts she brought forward were striking, and her arguments were clear and well arranged. The whole speech was characterized by good sense, and there were passages of genuine eloquence. Knowing as I did the struggle this conscientious effort had cost her, I looked upon her moral heroism with admiration amounting to reverence; and such I believe was the feeling of hundreds who were present on this highly interesting occasion. I saw the faces of middle-aged men flush when she spoke of the complicity of Massachusetts in this national sin; and when she described the shrieks of mothers sold far away from their helpless children, many eyes were moistened with tears. As men returned to their homes, some said the speaker had reminded them of Hortensia addressing the Roman Senate; but to my mind there was far more sublimity in the spectacle I had just witnessed; for Hortensia merely pleaded the rights of her equals, the wealthy ladies of Rome, who had been unjustly taxed; while Angelina Grimké pleaded for those far beneath her in social position, a class degraded and despised.

And how was this noble effort of a religious, high-souled Southern lady received by the Boston press? In answer, I quote from the Boston *Gazette*, March 9, 1838:

> The Representatives' Hall was crowded yesterday afternoon with people of both sexes, 'black spirits and white,' to hear a lady from South Carolina, who rejoiceth in the name of Grimké, declaim upon the subject of Abolition. For a female, she exhibited considerable talent as an orator. She appeared not at all abashed in exhibiting herself in a position so unsuited to her sex; totally disregarding the doctrine of St. Paul, who says, 'Is it not a shame for a woman to speak in public?' She belabored the slaveholders, and beat the air like all possessed, for about two hours and a half, when she gave out."

It is now about five years since Mattie Griffith, a noble daughter of Kentucky, left her native State because her generous young soul was filled with such deep abhorrence of slavery. She wrote a book, painful in its power, called "The Autobiography of a Female Slave"; and she herself assured me that every incident it contains had occurred within her own knowledge. She was an orphan, and all the property she had consisted in slaves; but she took the heroic resolution to emancipate them all. She was a pet in the large circle of her relatives and friends, but not one of them sympathized with her generous project. They regarded her as insane in her views on that subject. It required the strongest convictions of duty and the loftiest moral courage to pass through such a social martyrdom as she encountered. Her womanly nature quailed before it, but conscience was victorious. She felt that no position was so mean as to live on the wages of others; and, in the face of all opposition, she emancipated her slaves. When she wrote to me announcing the resolution to rely upon her own exertions hereafter, she added: "I shall work with a light heart, and better sun, I shall work with an easy conscience."

She left Kentucky, where her opinions concerning slavery had rendered her unpopular; but subsequently returned, on a visit, to superintend the process of emancipation. The most valuable article of her human property was an intelligent slave named Henderson. Some wealthy gentlemen tried to tempt her from her purpose by offering a very high price for this man; but she shook her head, saying, "I could not enjoy spending the money." Henderson's wife belonged to another family, and her master's Will had enjoined that none of his slaves should be sold till his youngest child, then six years old, was of age. But her husband was bright and industrious, and, stimulated by the hope of buying her some day, he made the utmost of facilities for earning money, which his kind mistress had tried to afford him.

In a letter to me, Miss Griffith described the emancipation of her slaves. It was not intended for publication, but it is well calculated to serve the cause of Freedom, and as it contains no remarks that can be personally offensive to any one, I think I am not guilty of any impropriety in sending it to you without her knowledge; I therefore subjoin the following extracts:

"Immediately upon my arrival in Kentucky, I sent for the servants and informed them of my intention. I explained the laws as simply as I could, and told them it would be necessary for them to leave the State, as soon as they were free. They listened with emotion, and earnestly inquired whether there was no way of evading the law, so that they could remain on their native soil among old home influences. I warned them of the inevitable danger of staying, or of returning, under any pretext whatsoever. When they were made to understand this, they became resigned to the hard conditions, and said, with an eloquent sigh, 'All places are alike to the negro.'

"It was delightful to watch their countenances, as they slowly received the idea of personal freedom. It seemed as if they underwent some heavenly transfiguration. Their faces, even their bodies, appeared to glow. 'What!' they exclaimed, 'are we going to be FREE? To belong to ourselves? Oh, it seems like a dream.' They laughed and they wept, they sang and they danced, alternately. Indeed, I almost feared Henderson was crazy, he was so bewildered with joy. It was a blissful moment for me when I placed the deeds of manumission in their hands. I never expect to experience such a thrill of happiness again. Poor creatures! They embraced my knees, they kissed my hands, they would have covered my very feet with caresses, if I would have permitted it. They called me by every exalted name in the English language. But when these first bubbles of feeling were over, they began to think more of me than of themselves. They returned with downcast looks, and said, 'But, Miss Mattie, you can't afford to do this. You will have to work. You ain't used to work, and we don't want you to work. Take us back, Miss Mattie. We are all willing to keep on working for you.' Now, wasn't this very touching? Poor, faithful, loving creatures! I can never be forgetful of my duty to their race. When I declined their generous offer, they urged me at least never to want for anything, but to send to them, and they would always divide their earnings with me, or give me the whole."

"The separation of Henderson and his wife was extremely affecting. It was to her as if the light of life had gone out, for she has little hope of obtaining her freedom, though he thinks he shall manage to buy her before long. You see *he* is not such an ultra Abolitionist as to refuse to buy a slave. She is a beautiful and intelligent Quadroon, with nice little hands fitted for dainty work. With all a woman's tender spirit of self-sacrifice, she rejoiced in her husband's good fortune, and tried to forget the cloud under which her own life rested. She endeavored to conceal her emotions from him, and told him she would try to bear her bereavement as well as she possibly could. I tell you, my dear friend, that few people know how to appreciate the beauty of the African character."

"Henderson had $500 in money, and the others had all more or less which they had laid up, besides some live stock and other articles. They wished to dispose of some of these before they left the State, so I made provision in the deeds of emancipation for their remaining until the 1st of March, when they must leave, or be liable to be sold into slavery again."

"Henderson accompanied me to Cincinnati, where he obtained a situation on a New Orleans boat. He preferred that employment, because it would give him an opportunity to see his wife occasionally, or at least to hear from her, as the boat touched at Louisville. They are most fondly attached to each other. It was amusing to see how soon he adopted Free State modes of expression. After four hours sojourn in Ohio, he began to speak of 'colored gentlemen,' and 'colored ladies.' I was glad to hear it. It argued a proper respect for his race. The others thought of getting situations in or near Cincinnati. They are all sober, industrious, economical people; so, with a little friendly advice, I left them to their own judgment in the choice of occupations. I did not wish to act as if I were their mistress after I had given them their freedom."

The noble young Kentuckian who wrote the above letter, always disclaims any credit for her righteous proceedings. She says quietly, "Why do you praise me for generosity? It appears to me a very simple act of justice. What right had I to *their* earnings any more than I have to *yours*?" It seems very strange to her that Northern minds are generally so slow to recognize this principle. That a man should be robbed of his wages on account of a black skin, seems to her as wrong and absurd as it would be if he suffered the same injustice on account of black eyes or hair. In common with several other emancipated slaveholders, with whom I have talked, she marvels at Northern apathy concerning an institution whose baneful effects extend to everybody and everything connected with it.

You will be interested to know that, notwithstanding Henderson's eager desire to purchase his wife, he repeatedly urged Miss Griffith to take the money he had laid by; and, when she refused, he begged her to accept at least of half of it; saying, "I earned it when my time belonged to you, and you have given me what is worth more than money." The answer was, "No, no, I thank you, Henderson; but I have already taken your wages too long." Then he brought a young brother, who said, "Miss Mattie, let me work for you till I am of age; for surely *that* is no more than right."

It is now four years since this emancipation took place. A few months ago I heard that all these redeemed ones were behaving well and getting a comfortable living. Henderson has succeeded in buying his beloved wife, and both are doing well. The oldest woman, generally called "Mammy," sometimes pines for a sight of old friends and relatives in Kentucky, but even she thinks freedom is worth that painful sacrifice. In view of these facts, I would ask any candid person what reason there is to apprehend danger in emancipating the slaves. It is surely time for us to stop repeating stereotyped falsities, invented for the convenience of slaveholders.

It is worthy of remark that Miss Griffith's moral sense received no aid from Abolitionists. She manifested sympathy with the slaves from her very childhood; and as she grew older, she uttered many an earnest protest against the system. She never read an anti-slavery tract or newspaper, and never talked with an Abolitionist. She wrote to me, "I was always taught to regard the Abolitionists of the North as wolves in sheep's clothing; as violent, bad men, who decoyed slaves away from their homes with false promises; but since I have come to the Free States, I know and honor the Abolitionists." I wrote her in reply that it would be much nearer the truth to describe them as sheep in wolves' clothing.

When Mr. Sumner was nearly assassinated in the Senate, the news excited her greatly. She sent for the speech which caused the outrage, and she told me *that* was the first anti-slavery document she ever read. The purpose which had long been latent in her mind ripened at once. She sent for Henderson, and said, "I am going to give you your freedom." In answer to his exclamations of surprise and gratitude, she replied, "Don't thank *me*, Henderson. It is Mr. Charles Sumner who sets you free." L. M. C.

FAITHFUL CRITICISM.—*The Independent*, in a critical notice of the pictures exhibited at the recent Artists' Reception in Brooklyn, says: LeClear's "Itinerants" was a figure-piece with many beauties of grouping, drawing, and coloring. The central personages were a boy and girl, street musicians, playing their instruments before a group of young persons gathered in front of an old woman's apple-stand. The idea of the picture is to express the uprising of genius among the humble. Of so admirable a work of art we have almost nothing to say but praise, except that the artist went out of his way to draw a black boy in the act of committing a theft, while all the other children were drawn with honest faces. A real African, while such music was playing, would have stood absorbed with the music, and would never have thought of stealing an apple. Nor is it creditable to an artist, however great his cleverness, to use his art for making a despised people still more despised. In magnanimous contrast with this, was Edwin White's portrait of the janitor of the studio-building; a high, thoughtful brow, covered with a black skin, pondering a newspaper. The picture is named "Thoughts of the Future." The black philosopher is reading the war news, and wondering what the future has in store for his race. The figure is full of feeling, and commands an involuntary respect for the dignified old serving man. Has not Mr. White more faithfully fulfilled the high errand of his art than his versatile near neighbor on the same wall, in making it serve humanity by lifting up the lowly into the better regard of their fellow-men, than by pressing them still lower down under ridicule and obloquy?

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

A RETROSPECT.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

POTOMAC, by thy rippling flow
I sit me down, as, long ago,
The Jewish minstrels sat beside
The mournful Babylonian tide.
They wept when they remembered thee,
Sweet Zion! how, in company
With those they loved, up to God's house
They went to pay their solemn vows,
While harp and voice, with glad accord,
Made song and mirth and praised the Lord.
"Our harps were sweet," they said, "but now
We hang them on the willow bough;
How in a strange land shall we sing
The praises of our God and King?"

Oh, minstrels, not alone ye stand,
Sad mourners in a stranger land!
And other harps than yours are flung
Upon the willows all unstrung.
Ye wept, remembering happier days,
And Zion's sweet and peaceful ways,
And hymns of cheer, and prayer and praise;
And still to us, through all the years,
Comes down your legacy of tears.
We weep as ye have wept before,
We echo back your sad, "No more."
No more with those we love shall we
Go to God's house in company;
No more with them in sweet accord
Make song and mirth and praise the Lord.

Oh, River of our tears, the song
We pour your mournful tide along,
The saddest is we think to sing
In all our pilgrim wandering!
Oh grief! we saw our brave ones fall,
We saw thy waters whelm them all.
Around them glared a fateful foe,
God's skies above, thy waves below;
What choice was left them? So they drew
Their brave breath deep, yet calmly too,
Said one brief prayer—we doubt it not—
Thy waters closed above the spot;
And the next wave that came and went,
Was a brave army's monument!

Then how rehearse the Lord's song now?
How wake the chords they wakened—how?
The lips that sung with us are still,
The hands that touched those chords are chill;
We could not warm them if we tried!
Alas, alas, this restless tide,
I would 't might leave its wonted track,
And give us our beloved back.
'Twas not by God's dear hand they fell,
Else we had bowed and said, "'tis well";
Closed their sweet eyes, and, looking up,
Drank to the dregs th' appointed cup.
No—God record the wrong—they died,
Shot down like cattle, while the tide
Swept over them with one fell swoop;
God help them, not one chance, one loop
Left open, or by friend or foe;
God help them, no where else to go!
Call it "a blunder"—Was it so?
God named it "Murder" in His book,
And, as he wrote the word, He shook
His awful brows above the place,
While the mild beauty of His face
Grew draped with frowns whose righteous wrath
I would not see above my path
Slow-gathering, for a mine of gold,
Or Cræsus' fabled wealth twice told.

Rest, martyred ones! I prate in vain;
I cannot bring ye back again;
But I do sit and brood above
My murdered countrymen, till love
And faith and every gentle thing
Within my heart lies withering.
Upon whose shoulders rests the guilt,
Whose hand that cup of horror spilt,
I dare not say; God knows, and He
Keeps fearful reckoning; but, for me,
How rather, rather I would be
One of that guiltless, murdered band,
Than lift to Heaven a red right hand
Stained with brave blood that, but for me,
My guilt or imbecility,
Had still rushed ruddy through the veins
Whose spilt tide all this river stains!
One word, dead BAKER, lest they claim
I heap dark odium on thy name.
Thine was a soul too noble far
To breed that fearful cancer-scar
That men call treason; not on thee
The fearful blame, if blame there be;
We name thy name with tearful praise;
We deck thy tomb with greenest bays;
Plant bright Immortals as we tread,
And say, God love our noble Dead!

But oh, if Traitor shall be found
Who sold to foes this battle-ground,
Sowed these dark waves with martyr-seed,
—Oh dreadful crop! Oh dreadful deed!—
What punishment beneath God's sun
Too fearful for that perjured one?
Heap curses on his head so deep
They'll howl through all his wretched sleep!
Blazon his dreadful deed abroad,
Till devils hear as well as God,
And come to taunt before their time
His spirit with its awful crime;
Then seek some beast's deserted lair,
And bury him without a prayer!

Oh, if there be one grave unblest,
'Tis where a Traitor makes his rest.
There never let a bright bird come,
Nor cricket chirp, nor insect hum;
Nor squirrel from the nutty wood
Disturb the fearful solitude;
Nor troops of rosy girls and boys
Salute the place with frolic noise;
Nor Friendship go to plant the spot
With heart's-ease and forget-me-not;
Nor new-made lovers, passion-mad,
Frequent the place and make it glad
With shy, half glances as they walk,
Sweet nothings and bewildered talk;
Nor mother lead her little child,
In search of blossoms nature-wild,
To spot so fearful, so defiled!

Oh, if there be one grave unblest,
'Tis where a Traitor makes his rest.
There let the owl his orgies keep,
And bats on dusky pinion sweep,
And loathsome spiders crawl and creep;
There, earth worms draw their slow length out,
And blear-eyed beetles grope about;
And snakes and every noisome thing
Spit venomed spite and hiss and sting!
There let the deadly nightshade grow,
And crimson poison-berries glow,
And baleful trees their shadow throw;
Nor one sweet care of man or God
Plant flowers above the damned sod!

But I forbear: this bitter mood!—
It doth belie my woman's blood!
These are mad words; sweet Christ, forgive;
And in my wrathful soul revive
That pitying love which Thou didst show
Unto Thy murderers below.
They knew not what they *did*; canst Thou
Plead that sweet plea, dear Jesus, now?

But I forbear; this mournful song
I pour these hapless banks along,
The saddest is I think to sing
In all my pilgrim wandering!
So, turning from this fateful place,
This Golgotha of all my race,
I take my scrip and travel on,
God help me, all my sweet ones gone,
And but His arm to lean upon!

Fitchburg, Mass.

LACONIC.—The late Professor D—— was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course, the lady replied by a gentle "No." The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?" The Professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. D——?" "Oh, yes," said the Professor. "Well, Mr. D——," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," drily responded the Professor. He maintained his bachelorship to the close.—*Illus. of Scottish Character.*

A CLAY-EATER GOING TO MARKET.

Here the carriage stopped suddenly, and we looked out to see the cause. The road by which we had come was a mere opening through the pines; no fences separated it from the wooded land, and being seldom travelled, the track was scarcely visible. In many places it widened to a hundred feet, but in others tall trees had grown up on its opposite sides, and there was scarcely width enough for a single carriage to pass along. In one of these narrow passages, just before us, a queer-looking vehicle had upset, and scattered its contents in the road. We had no alternative but to wait till it got out of the way; and we all alighted to reconnoitre.

The vehicle was a little larger than an ordinary hand-cart, and was mounted on wheels that had probably served their time on a Boston dray before commencing their travels in Secessiondom. Its box of pine boarding and its shafts of rough oak poles were evidently of Southern home manufacture. Attached to it by a rope harness, with a primitive bridle of decidedly original construction, was—not a horse, nor a mule, nor even an alligator, but a "three-year-old heifer."

The wooden linch-pin of the cart had given way, and the weight of a half-dozen barrels of turpentine had thrown the box off its balance, and rolled the contents about in all directions.

The appearance of the proprietor of this nondescript vehicle was in keeping with the establishment. His coat, which was much too short in the waist and much too long in the skirts, was of the common reddish gray linsey, and his nether garments, of the same material, stopped just below the knees. From there downwards, he wore only the covering that is said to have been the fashion in Paradise before Adam took to fig-leaves. His hat had a rim broader than a political platform, and his skin a color half way between that of tobacco-juice and a tallow candle.

"Wal, Cunnul, how dy'ge?" said the stranger, as we stepped from the carriage.

"Very well, Ned; how are you?"

"Purty wal, Cunnul; had the nagur lately, right smart, but'm gittin' 'roun."

"You're in a bad fix here, I see. Can't Jim [the 'Cunnul's' black driver] help you?"

"Wal, p'raps he moight. Jim, how dy'ge?"

"Sort o' smart, ole feller. But come, stir yer'eff; we want ter gwo 'long," replied Jim, with a manifest lack of courtesy that showed he regarded the white man as altogether too "trashy" to be treated with much ceremony.

With the aid of Jim, a new linch-pin was soon whittled out, the turpentine rolled on to the cart, and the vehicle put in a moving condition.

"Where are you hauling your turpentine?" asked the Colonel.

"To Sam Bell's, at the 'Boro'."

"What will he pay you?"

"Wal, I've four barr'ls of 'dip,' and tu of 'hard.' For the hull, I reckon he'll give three dollars a barr'l."

"By tale?"

"No, for two hun'red and eighty pound."

"Well, *I'll* give you two dollars and a half by weight."

"Can't take it, Cunnel; must get three dollar."

"What, will you go sixty miles with this team, and waste five or six days, for fifty cents on six barrels—three dollars?"

"Can't 'ford the time, Cunnel, but must git three dollar a barr'l."

"That fellow is a specimen of our 'natives,'" said the Colonel, as we resumed our seats in the carriage. "You'll see more of them before we get back to the plantation."

"He puts a young cow to a decidedly original use," I remarked.

"Oh no, not original here; the ox and the cow with us are both used for labor."

"You don't mean to say that cows are generally worked here?"

"Of course I do. Our breeds are good for nothing as milkers, and we put them to the next best use. I never have cow's milk on my plantation."

"You don't! why, I could have sworn it was in my coffee this morning."

"I wouldn't trust you to buy brandy for me, if your organs of taste are not keener than that. It was goat's milk."

"Then how do you get your butter?"

"From the North. I've had mine from my New York factors for over two years."—"*Among the Pines*," *in the Continental Monthly.*

A RIVAL OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

THE ADVENTURES OF "POTOMAC JIM."

From The New York Times.

I SPENT three weeks at Liverpool Point, the outpost of Hooker's Division, almost directly opposite Aquia Creek, waiting patiently for the advance of our left wing to follow up the army, becoming, if not a participator against the dying struggles of rebeldom, at least a chronicler of the triumphs in the march of the Union army.

During this time I was the guest of Col. Graham, of Mathias Point memory, who had brought over from that place (last November) some thirty valuable negroes. A part of the camp was assigned to them. They built log huts, and obtained from the soldiers many comforts, making their quarters equal to any in the camp.

They had friends and relatives. Negroes feel as much sympathy for their friends and kin as the whites, and from November to the present time, many a man in Virginia has lost a very likely slave, for the camp contains now upwards of a hundred fat and healthy negroes, in addition to its original number from Mathias Point.

One of the number deserves more honor than that accorded to Toussaint L'Ouverture, in the brilliant lecture delivered by Wendell Phillips. He is unquestionably the hero of the Potomac, and deserves to be placed by the side of his most renowned black brethren.

The name of this negro is James Lawson, born near Hempstead, Virginia, and belonged to a Mr. Taylor. He made his escape last December. On hearing his praises spoken by the Captains of the gunboats on the Potomac, I was rather indisposed to admit the possession of all the qualities they give him credit for, and thought possibly his exploits had been exaggerated. His heroic courage, truthfulness, and exalted Christian character seemed too romantic for their realization; however, my doubts on that score were dispelled, and I am a witness of his last crowning act.

Jim, after making his escape from Virginia, shipped on board of the Freeborn, flag-gunboat, Lieut. Samuel Magaw commanding. He furnished Capt. Magaw with much valuable intelligence concerning the rebel movements, and from his quiet every-day behavior soon won the esteem of the commanding officer.

Capt. Magaw, shortly after Jim's arrival on board the Freeborn, sent him upon a scouting tour through the rebel fortifications, more to test his reliability than anything else; and the mission, although fraught with great danger, was executed by Jim in the most faithful manner. Again Jim was sent into Virginia, landing at the White House, below Mount Vernon, and going into the interior for several miles, encountering the fire of picket guards and posted sentries returned in safety to the shore, and was brought off in the Captain's gig, under the fire of the rebel musketry.

Jim had a wife and four children at that time still in Virginia. They belonged to the same man as Jim did; he was anxious to get them; yet it seemed impossible. One day in January, Jim came to the Captain's room and asked for permission to be landed that evening on the Virginia side, as he wished to bring off his family. "Why, Jim," said Capt. Magaw, "how will you be able to pass the pickets?"

"I want to try, Captain; I think I can get 'em over safely," meekly replied Jim.

"Well, you have my permission"; and Capt. Magaw ordered one of the gunboats to land Jim that night on whatever part the shore Jim designated, and return for him the following evening.

True to his appointment, Jim was at the spot with his wife and family, and were taken on board the gunboat and brought over to Liverpool Point, where Col. Graham had given them a log house to live in, just back of his own quarters. Jim ran the gauntlet of the sentries unharmed, never taking to the roads, but keeping in the woods—every foot-path of which, and almost every tree, he knew from his boyhood up.

Several weeks afterward another reconnoissance was planned, and Jim sent on it. He returned in safety, and was highly complimented by Gens. Hooker, Sickles, and the entire flotilla.

On Thursday, week ago, it became necessary to obtain correct information of the enemy's movements. Since then, batteries at Shipping and Cockpit Points had been evacuated, and their troops moved to Fredericksburg. Jim was the man picked out for the occasion, by Gen. Sickles and Capt. Magaw. The General came down to Col. Graham's quarters, about 9 in the evening, and sent for Jim. There were present the General, Col. Graham, and myself. Jim came into the Colonel's.

"Jim," said the General, "I want you to go over to Virginia, to-night, and find out what forces they have at Aquia Creek and Fredericksburg. If you want any man to accompany you, pick them out."

"I know *two* men that would like to go," Jim replied.

"Well, get them, and be back as soon as possible." Jim went over to the contraband camp, and returning almost immediately, brought into our presence two very intelligent-looking darkies.

"Are you all ready?" inquired the General.

"All ready, sir," the trio responded.

"Well, here, Jim, you take my pistol," said Gen. Sickles, unbuckling it from his belt, "and if you are successful, I will give you $100."

Jim hoped he would be, and bidding us good-bye, started off for the gunboat Satellite, Capt. Foster, who landed them a short distance below the Potomac Creek Batteries. They were to return early in the morning, but were unable from the great distance they went in the interior. Long before daylight on Saturday morning the gunboat was lying off at the appointed place. As the day dawned, Capt. Foster discovered a mounted picket guard near the beach, and almost at the same instant saw Jim to the left of them, in the woods, sighting his gun at the rebel cavalry. He ordered the "gig" to be manned and rowed to the shore. The rebels moved along slowly, thinking to intercept the boat, when Foster gave them a shell, which scattered them. Jim, with only one of his original companions, and two fresh contrabands, came on board. Jim had *lost the other*. He had been challenged by a picket when some distance in advance of Jim, and the negro, instead of answering the summons, fired the contents of Sickles's revolver at the picket. It was an unfortunate occurrence, for at that time the entire picket guard rushed out of a small house near the spot, and fired the contents of their muskets at Jim's companion, killing him instantly. Jim and the other three hid themselves in a hollow, near a fence, and after the pickets gave up pursuit, creeped through the woods to the shore. From the close proximity of the rebel pickets, Jim could not display a light, which was the signal for Foster to send a boat.

Capt. Foster, after hearing Jim's story of the shooting of his companion, determined to avenge his death; so, steaming his vessel close in to the shore, he sighted his guns for a barn, where the rebel cavalry were hiding behind. He fired two shells—one went right through the barn, killing four of the rebels and seven of their horses. Capt. Foster, seeing the effect of his shots, said to Jim, who stood by: "Well, Jim, I've avenged the death of poor Cornelius" (the name of Jim's lost companion).

Gen. Hooker has transmitted to the War Department an account of Jim's reconnoissance to Fredericksburg, and unites with the army and navy stationed on the left wing of the Potomac, in the hope that the government will present Jim with a fitting recompense for his gallant services.

REBEL "POLITIKLE 'CON'MY."

[Extract from Jeff. Davis's Message in Secret Session, as "conjecturally reported" for *The Atlantic Monthly*, by H. BIGLOW.]

IT 's ne'ssary to take a good confident tone
With the public; but here, jest amongst us, I own
Things looks blacker 'n thunder. Ther' 's no use denyin'
We 're clean out o' money, an' 'most out o' lyin',—
Two things a young nation can't mennage without,
Ef she wants to look wal at her fust comin' out;
For the fust supplies physickle strength, while the second
Gives a morril edvantage thet 's hard to be reckoned:
For this latter I 'm willin' to du wut I can;
For the former you 'll hev to consult on a plan— [on)
Though our *fust* want (an' this pint I want your best views
Is plausible paper to print I. O. U.s on.
Some gennlemen think it would cure all our cankers
In the way o' finance, ef we jes' hanged the bankers;
An' I own the proposle 'ud square with my views,
Ef their lives wuz n't all thet we 'd left 'em to lose.
Some say thet more confidence might be inspired,
Ef we voted our cities an' towns to be fired,— [ance;
A plan thet 'ud suttenly tax our endurance,
Coz 't would be our own bills we should git for th' insur-
But cinders, no metter how sacred we think 'em,
Might n't strike furrin minds ez good sources of income,
Nor the people, perhaps, would n't like the eclaw
O' bein' all turned into patriots by law.
Some want we should buy all the cotton an' burn it,
On a pledge, when we 've gut thru the war, to return it,—
Then to take the proceeds an' hold *them* ez security
For an issue o' bonds to be met at maturity
With an issue o' notes to be paid in hard cash
On the fus' Monday follerin' the 'tarnal Allsmash:
This hez a safe air, an', 'nce hold o' the gold,
'Ud leave our vile plunderers out in the cold,
An' *might* temp' John Bull, ef it warn't for the dip he
Once gut from the banks o' my own Massissippi.
Some think we could make, by arrangin' the figgers,
A hendy home-currency out of our niggers;
But it wun't du to lean much on ary sech staff,
For they 're gittin' tu current a'ready, by half.
One gennleman says, ef we lef' our loan out
Where Floyd could git hold on 't, *he* 'd take it, no doubt;
But 't ain't jes' the takin', though 't hez a good look,
We mus' git sunthin' out on it arter it 's took,
An' we need now more 'n ever, with sorrer I own,
Thet some one another should let us a loan,
Sence a soger wun't fight, on'y jes' while he draws his
Pay down on the nail, for the best of all causes,
'Thout askin' to know wut the quarrel 's about,—
An' once come to thet, why, our game is played out.
It 's ez true ez though I should n't never hev said it
Thet a hitch hez took place in our system o' credit;
I swear it 's all right in my speeches an' messiges,
But ther' 's idees afloat, ez ther' is about sessiges:
Folks wun't take a bond ez a basis to trade on,
Without nosin' round to find out wut it 's made on,
An' the thought more an' more thru the public min' crosses
Thet our Treshry hez gut 'mos' too many dead hosses.
Wut 's called credit, you see, is some like a balloon,
Thet looks while it 's up 'most ez harnsome 'z a goon,
But once git a leak in 't an' wut looked so grand
Caves righ' down in a jiffy ez flat ez your hand.
Now the world is a dreffle mean place, for our sins,
Where ther' ollus is critters about with long pins
A-prickin' the globes we 've blowed up with sech care,
An' provin' ther' 's nothin' inside but bad air:
They 're all Stuart Millses, poor-white trash, an' sneaks,
Without no more chivverlry 'n Choctaws or Creeks,
Who think a real gennleman's promise to pay
Is meant to be took in trade's ornery way:
Them fellers an' I could n' never agree;
They 're the nateral foes o' the Southnu Idee;
I 'd gladly take all of our other reeks on me
To be red o' this low-lived politikle 'con'my!

THE STORY OF POCAHONTAS.

THE history of Virginia opens with a romance. No one will be surprised at this, for it is a habit histories have. There is Plymouth Rock, for example; it would be hard to find anything more purely romantic than that. Well do we remember the sad day when a friend took us to the perfectly flat warf at Plymouth, and recited Mrs. Hemans's humorous verse—

> "The breaking waves dashed high,
> On a stern and rock-bound coast."

"Such, then," we reflected, "is history! If Plymouth Rock turns out to be a myth, why may not Columbus or Santa Claus or Napoleon, or anything or anybody?" Since then we have been skeptical about history even where it seems most probable; at times doubt whether Rip Van Winkle really slept twenty years without turning over; are annoyed with misgivings as to whether our Western pioneers Boone, Crockett, and others, *did* keep bears in their stables for saddle-horses, and harness alligators as we do oxen. So we doubted the story of John Smith and Pocahontas with which Virginia opens. In one thing we had already caught that State making a mythical and already caught that State making a mythical statement: it was named by Queen Elizabeth Virginia in honor of her own virgin state—which, if Cobbett is to be believed, was also a romance. Well, America was named after a pirate, and Sir Walter Raleigh, who suggested the name of the Virgin Queen, was fond of a joke.

But notwithstanding the suspicion with which we entered upon the investigation, we are convinced that the romance of Pocahontas is true. As only a portion of the story of this Indian maiden, "the colonial angel," as she was termed by the settlers, is known, and that not generally with exactness, we will reproduce it here.

It will be remembered that Pocahontas, when about thirteen years of age, saved the young English Captain, John Smith, from the death which her father, Powhatan, had resolved he should suffer. As the tomahawk was about to descend on his head, the girl rushed forward and clasped that head in her arms. The stern heart of Powhatan relented, and he consented that the captive should live to make tomahawks for him and beads and bells for Pocahontas. Afterward Powhatan agreed that Smith should return to Jamestown, on condition of his sending him two guns and a grindstone. Soon after this Jamestown with all its stores was destroyed by fire, and the colonists came near perishing from cold and hunger. Half of them died; and the rest were saved only by Pocahontas, who appeared in the midst of their distress, bringing bread, racoons, and venison.

John Smith and his companions after this explored a large portion of the State, and a second time came to rest at the home of Powhatan and his beautiful daughter. The name of the place was Werowocomoco. His visit this time fell on the eve of the coronation of Powhatan. The king, being absent when Smith came, was sent for; meanwhile Pocahontas called together a number of Indian maid